THE CALYX 1899

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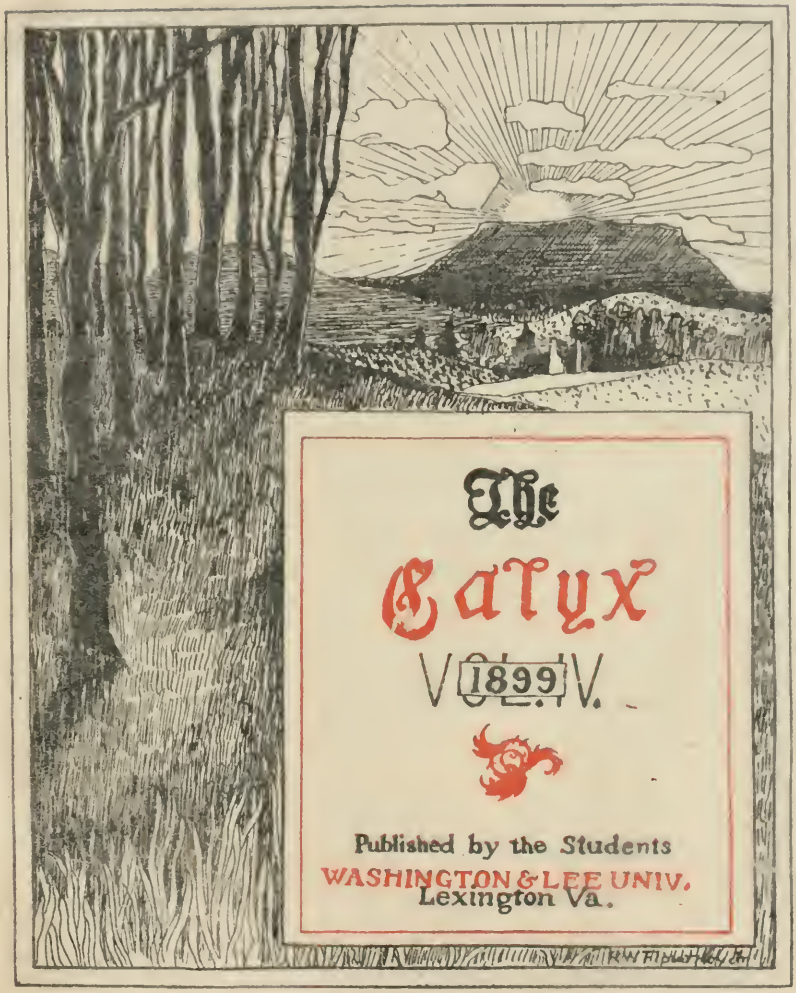

The Calyx

VOL. V.

1899

Published by the Students

WASHINGTON & LEE UNIV.

Lexington Va.

THE STONE PRINTING AND MFG COMPY
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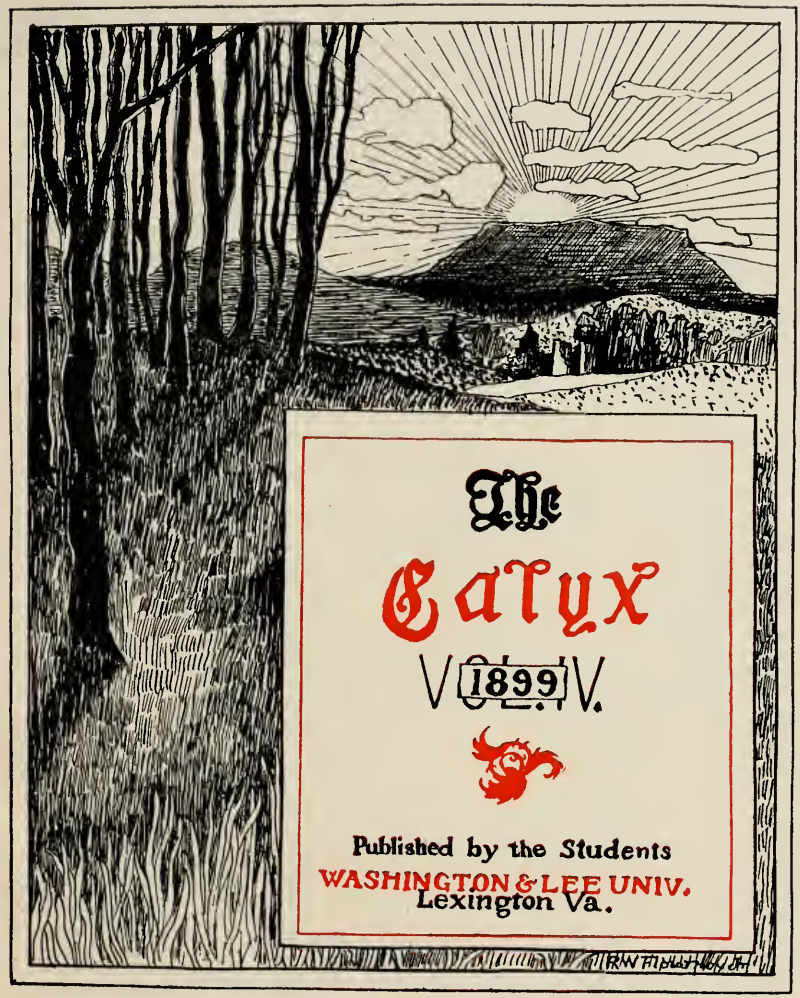
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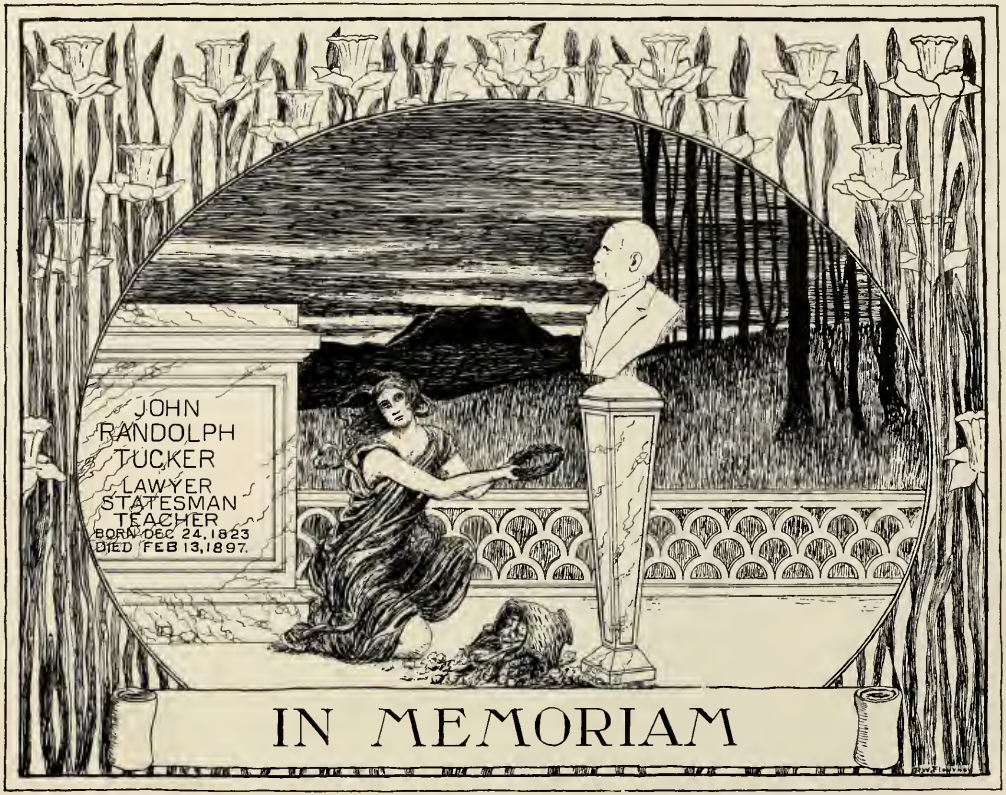
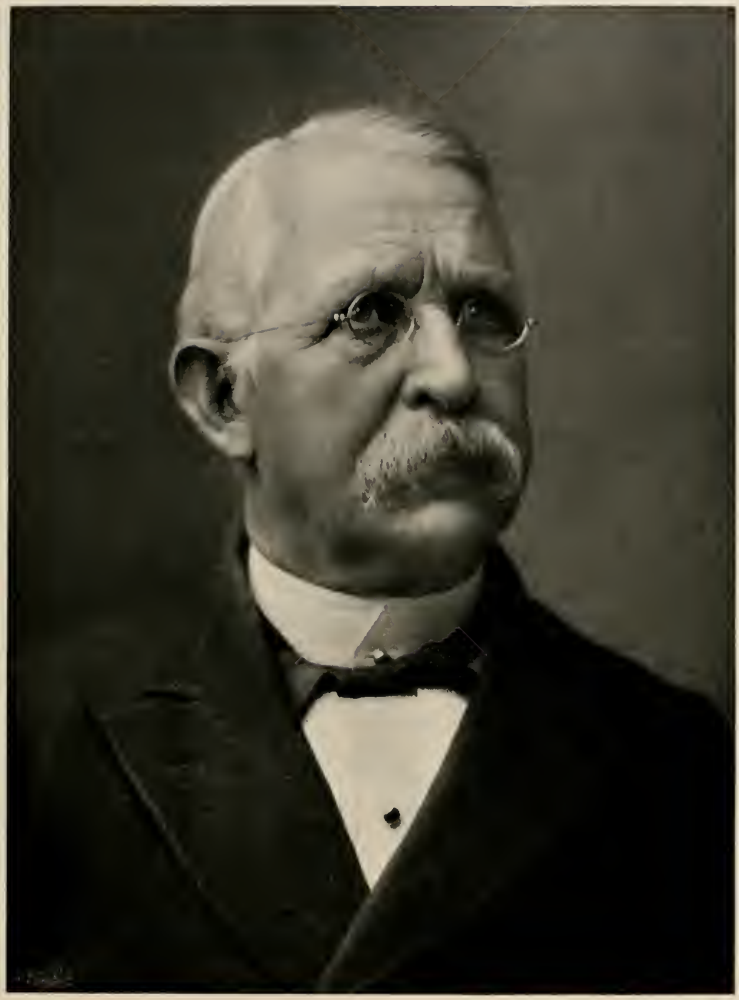

JOHN
RANDOLPH
TUCKER
LAWYER
STATESMAN
TEACHER
BORN DEC 24, 1823
DIED FEB 13, 1897.
IN MEMORIAM



JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER.

PREFACE.

HEN last fall the students of the University elected us to take charge of THE CALYX, we fully appreciated the difficulties of the task before us, and now, with the task completed, we go to press with a mingled feeling of gladness and dissatisfaction; dissatisfaction that results have fallen so far short of our ambitions, gladness that the work is at last done. Fully conscious of the many defects of the book, we nevertheless trust, that, on the whole, it will prove acceptable.

To the many who have generously contributed literature or drawings, we here extend our sincerest thanks. Of those who have given drawings, particular mention should be made of Miss Proctor, of Washington, D. C., Mr. R. W. Flournoy, Mr. G C. Powell, Mr. B. C. Flournoy, and Mr. D. C. McBryde.

April 13th, 1899.

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SHIVELY
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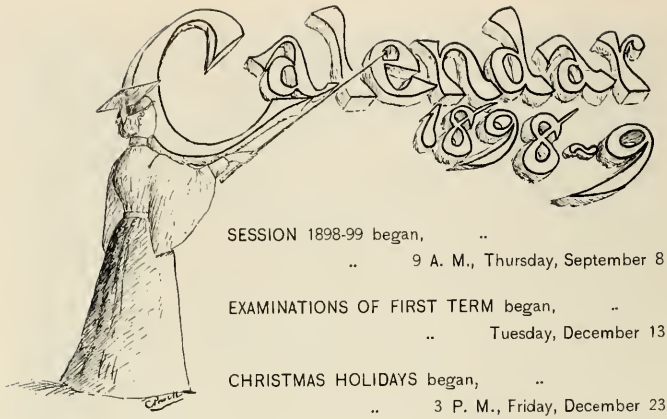

SESSION 1898-99 began, ... 9 A. M., Thursday, September 8

EXAMINATIONS OF FIRST TERM began, ... Tuesday, December 13

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS began, ... 3 P. M., Friday, December 23

1899.

SECOND TERM began .. .. 9 A M., Wednesday, January 4

LEE MEMORIAL DAY, Suspension .. .. Thursday, January 19

ANNIVERSARY OF THE GRAHAM-LEE LITERARY SOCIETY, ... 8 P. M., Thursday, January 19

WASHINGTON MEMORIAL DAY, Suspension .. .. .. Wednesday, February 22

ANNIVERSARY OF THE WASHINGTON LITERARY SOCIETY, ... 8 P. M., Wednesday, February 22

EXAMINATIONS OF SECOND TERM, began .. .. Tuesday, March 21

SUSPENSION, ... Saturday, April 1

THIRD TERM began .. .. Monday, April 3

EXAMINATIONS OF THIRD TERM, begin .. .. Tuesday, May 30

COMMENCEMENT, See Page 37

Corporation.

Legal Title: "THE WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY."

JUDGE WILLIAM McLAUGHLIN, RECTOR, 1888.*

Trustees.

WILLIAM ANDERSON GLASGOW, ESQ., 1865.
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JOHN A. PRESTON, ESQ., 1898.

JOHN LYLE CAMPBELL, SECRETARY AND TREASURER, 1877.

*Died August 18th, 1898.
†Died March 31st, 1898.

Faculty and Officers.

With Date of Appointment.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CUSTIS LEE, LL. D., 1897,
President Emeritus.

WILLIAM LYNE WILSON, LL. D., 1897.
President.

Faculty.

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HENRY DONALD CAMPBELL, M. A., Ph. D., 1887,
Robinson Professor of Geology and Biology.

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Thomas A. Scott Professor of Civil Engineering.

HENRY ALEXANDER WHITE, M. A., Ph. D., D.D., 1889
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ADDISON HOGUE, 1893,
Corcoran Professor of Greek.

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JAMES LEWIS HOWE, Ph. D., M. D., 1894,
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WILLIAM SPENSER CURRELL, M. A., Ph. D., 1895,
Professor of Modern Languages and English.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS VANCE, M. A., Ph. D., B. L., 1897
Adjunct Professor of Commercial Law.

HENRY St. GEORGE TUCKER, M. A., B. L., 1897,
Professor of Equity and Corporations, and of Constitutional and International Law.

HENRY PARKER WILLIS, Ph. D., 1898,
Professor of Economics and Political Science.

WALTER Le CONTE STEVENS, Ph. D., 1898,
McCormick Professor of Physics.

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WILLIAM C. PRESTON, D. B., B. L.,

PAUL M. PENICK, B. L.

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LeROY CARR BARRET, M. A., 1898,
Physical Director.

THOMAS JAMES FARRAR, M. A., 1895,
Instructor in English and French.

HUGH MILTON McILHANY, Jr., M. A., 1895,
Instructor in German.

ROBERT ERNEST HUTTON, 1898,
Instructor in Electrical Engineering.

ROBERT GRANVILLE CAMPBELL, A. B., 1898,
Instructor in Mathematics.

FRANK HAMILTON ANSCHUTZ, 1897,
Assistant in Drawing.

WILLIAM EMRYS DAVIS, 1898,
Assistant in the Chemical Laboratory.

FRANK Le FEVRE DOWNEY, 1898,
Assistant in the Physical Laboratory.

Officers.

JOHN LYLE CAMPBELL, B. L., 1877,
Secretary of the Faculty.

MISS ANNIE ROBERTSON WHITE, 1895,
Librarian.

ROBERT ANDERSON WATSON, 1898,
Law Librarian.

WILLIAM CRAVEN WATSON, 1897,
Assistant Custodian of Reading Room.

PROF. STEVENS.
PROF GRAVES.
PROF. NELSON.
PROF. CAMPBELL.
PROF. WHITE.
PROF. HOWE.
PROF. CURRELL
PROF. HOGUE.
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PRESIDENT WILSON
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PROF. FAY
PROF. VANCE.
WILLIAM C. PRESTON, A.B.B.L.
ROBERT M. HUGHES, M.A.
PAUL M. PENICK, B.L.

THE ALUMNI

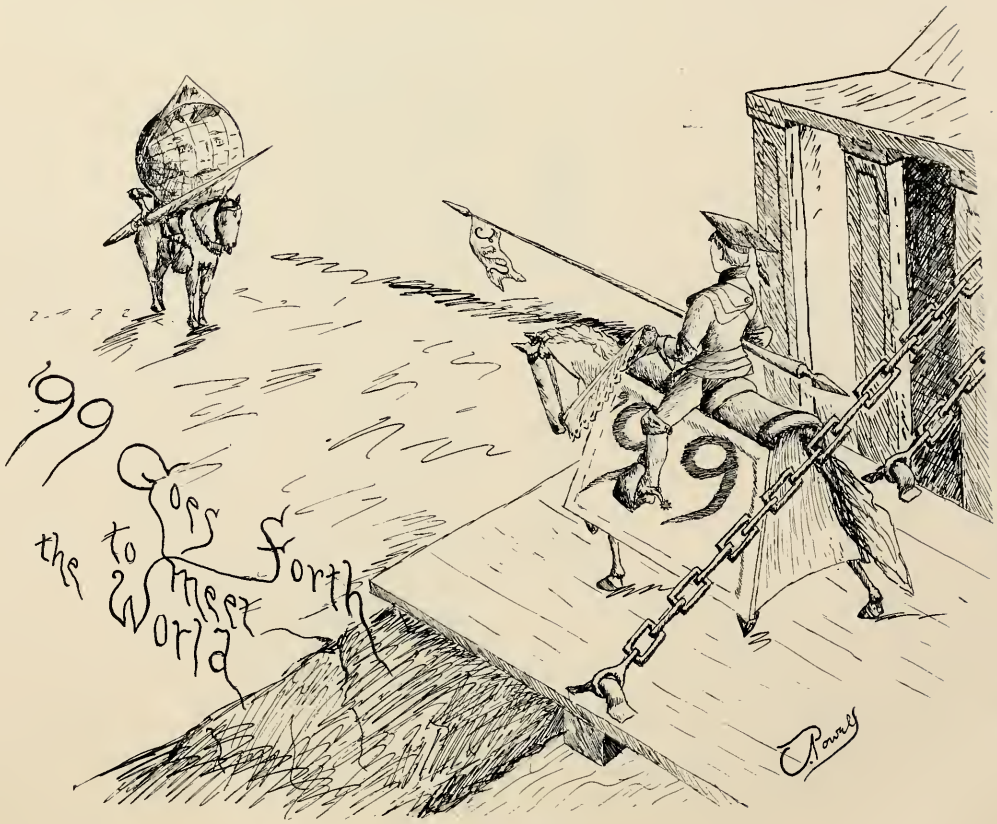
ASSOCIATION

THE ALUMNI of the University have had an association for many years. Its object is to keep alive among the alumni the sentiment of affection for their *Alma Mater*, and to unite the graduates of successive years by a common tie of fellowship. Its annual meetings are held at commencement, when, after the transaction of business, an anniversary oration is pronounced by some alumnus chosen by the society. The following is the present organization:

Rev. R. H. Fleming, D. D., Virginia, President.
John W. Davis, West Virginia, } Vice-Presidents.
Paul M. Penick, Virginia, }
H. D. Campbell, Secretary.
Wm. M. McElwee, Jr., Treasurer.

Executive Committee.

H. D. Campbell, Chairman,
M. W. Paxton, Wm. H. McElwee, Jr.,
W. G. McDowell, H. A. White.


'99
Goes
Forth
to
meet
the World
99

GRADUATING CLASS

Graduating Class.

"I care not what the future brings,
What glitters on its shining shore,
To me a lingering sorrow sings
In what was once, but now no more."

[1] JOHN PRESTON ALLAN.

"Words, words, nothing but words.
Ye gods, how many words!"

First attracted attention November 9th, 1878, in McDonogh, Maryland; of Scotch-Irish descent. In '96-97, won Modern Language Scholarship; '98, President of Washington Literary Society; '98, Orator at Washington Intermediate Celebration; Vice-President Class '99; indefatigable student of history, and intends to be a professor of history. M Π Λ.

[2] ROBERT GRANVILLE CAMPBELL.

"A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy."

Born February 11th, 1877, at Glenwood, Virginia, of Scoth-Irish blood; has been honored with the Latin Scholarship, '95; Franklin Scholarship, '96; Maplesson Scholarship, '98; member Football and Baseball Teams of '95, '96, '97, '98, '99; Captain of Football Team, '98, Baseball Team, '99; A. B., '98. This year is candidate for M. A. Will study law. Φ Δ Θ and Θ N E.

[3] GUSTAV BENZ CAPITO.

"Sweetest music comes at his touch.
Like Apollo at his lyre."

Born in Charleston, West Virginia, January 25th, 1878, of German parentage. While at college has been Vice-President Athletic Association, '98-'99; President University Glee Club, '98; No. 2 on Harry Lee Boat Crew, '98; Editor on *Ring-tum Phi* Staff, '99; Historian Class, '99; Director University Glee Club, '99. Is a member of Σ A E and Θ N E fraternities. Has decided to enter the medical profession.

[4] WILLIAM EMRYS DAVIS.

"Very quiet and very pleasing withal."

First saw the darkness December 7th, 1877, in Knoxville, Tennessee. Ancestors are *not* Scotch-Irish, but Welsh. Member of Δ T Δ fraternity. In college has been President Class, '99; member Baseball and Football Teams, '98; Gymnasium Team, '99; Illustrator on CALYX, '98; Assistant in Chemical Laboratory, '99. Intends to study medicine.

[5] JOHN WANROY GARROW.

"As proper a man as one shall see in a summer's day."

Greeted an admiring public, February 5th, 1879, at Houston, Texas. His ancestors are English and French. While at college was Managing Editor of the *Ring-tum Phi*, '98-99; Editor on CALYX, staff, '99; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '99; Secretary and Treasurer Cotillion Club, '99. Is a member of Π K A. Δ, and Θ N E fraternities. Has chosen law as his profession.

[6] WILLIAM CARY HATTON.

"Night after night he sat
And bleared his eyes with books."

Of English-French stock, born December 15th, 1875, in Denmark, Rockbridge County, Virginia. Successful contestant for the Engineering Scholarship, '96-97, and Franklin Scholarship, '97-98. Intends to be a civil engineer.

[7] LINDLEY ALLISON HICKMAN.

"Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though an angel on the outward side."

This gentleman was born "in old Kentucky" at Louisville, September 11th, 1876 He is of English and Irish blood commingled. Is a member of Σ X Fraternity. Expects to study law; if so, will practise in his native State.

[8] SAMUEL COLVILLE LIND.

"This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, poet."

First introduced himself to the world on June 15th, 1879, in McMinnville, Tennessee. He traces his ancestry through English and Swedish line. For aught we know is kin to Jenny. In college, was the recipient of the English Scholarship, '96, and besides has been Associate Editor of *Southern Collegian*, '98; Editor-in-chief *Southern Collegian*, '99; Editor on CALYX Board, '99; in '98, Historian of Class, '99. Is undecided yet as to his future vocation.

[9] FRANK LANE MILLER.

"As silent as the sphinx,
And like the sphinx unfathomable."

Was born in Paris, Illinois, February 11th, 1876 Is of German ancestry. In '96, was the successful contestant for the Young Moral Philosophy Scholarship. Law has been decided upon as his profession.

[10] JAMES LUTHER MORRISON.

"Sighed and looked unutterable things."

Of Rockbridge Scotch-Irish blood, being born near Lexington, Virginia, March 4th, 1875. Dotes on Math. and Old Alex. In '97, was the recipient of the Franklin Society Scholarship, and in '98, the Engineering Scholarship. Has chosen engineering as his occupation.

[11] JAMES ALEXANDER McCLURE.

"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look."

Came into this world December 12th, 1877, at Spottswood, Virginia. He is genuine Scotch-Irish. In '96, was Final Orator of Graham-Lee Literary Society, and in '99, Debater at the Intermediate Celebration of same society; Member of *Ring-tum Phi* staff, '99, and Vice-President Young Men's Christian Association, '99; Valedictorian Class, '99. Will enter the Christian ministry.

[12] HUGH MILTON McILHANY, JR.

"A scholar, a ripe and good one."

Born in Staunton, Virginia, April 25th, 1874. Scotch-Irish lineage. Member of Δ T Δ Fraternity. Received Greek Scholarship, '91; French Scholarship, '92; Physics Scholarship, '94; Early English Text Society Prize, '95; Robinson Medal of Languages, '96; Houston Fellowship, '97; President of Young Men's Christian Association, '95, '96; A. B., '95; M. A., '96; Candidate for Ph. D. Will become a minister.

[13] EDMUND BLAIR PANCAKE.

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

First laughed at this troubled world January 4th, 1877, at Romney, West Virginia, Scotch-Irish, of course. In college, has been President and Secretary of Graham-Lee Literary Society; Orator at Intermediate and Final Celebrations of same society. Hopes to be a Professor of English. Β Θ Π.

[14] MOSBY GARLAND PERROW.

"Deep runs the brook where still the waters flow."

Born at Ivy Hill, Campbell County, Virginia, September 20th, 1875. Ancestors are French-Huguenot and English. Came to college on Alumni Scholarship, and while here has received Greek Scholarship, '95; Biology Scholarship, '96; Early English Text Society Prize, '97. Associate editor *Southern Collegian*, '97; Editor-in-chief *Southern Collegian*, '98; Editor on CALYX Board, '98; Assistant Editor *Collegian*, '99; Editor-in-chief CALYX, '99; President Washington Literary Society, '99; Debater at Intermediate Celebration same society, '98; A. B., '97; Candidate for M. A. Expects to study law. M Π Λ.

[15] EWING DAVIDSON SLOAN.

"My life is one demned horrid grind."

Arrived on the mundane sphere in St. Louis, Missouri, on September 26th, 1879, Is of Scotch-Irish, English, French, etc., descent. Belongs to Φ Γ Δ Fraternity, and was awarded the Modern Language Scholarship in '98. Illustrator of CALYX '96, '97, '98, '99; Treasurer Athletic Association, '99; President Athletic Association, '99; Editor on CALYX Board, '99; on *Ring-tum Phi* Staff, '99. Will pursue the study of engineering.

[16] WILLIAM CRAVEN WATSON.

"A goodly fellow he, and one right noble."

Delighted the world by appearing in life at Oaklands, Loudoun County, Virginia, Is English and Irish, *Irish* I mean, with no taint of Scotch. In '98–99, Assistant Librarian of the University. Has decided to enter the profession of engineering.

[17] PHILIP LINDSLEY WILSON.

"Last of all came Satan."

This gentleman first blushingly appeared to delight the world at Gerrodstrun, Berkeley County, Virginia, on May 20th, 1878. He is descended from French and English ancestry. Has contributed valuable illustrations to the CALYX, and intends to follow as his vocation in life, civil engineering.

MAIN BUILDING.

History of the Class of 1900.

TO WRITE history with no data, is a feat which can be successfully performed only by a member of the History Class, and I, never having been a student in that department, find the task a somewhat difficult one.

When the form of the earliest member appeared above the academic horizon is a fact kept sacredly secret. "Alike unknowing and unknown" we came here and have by various and diverse routes reached this point in our academic career. For the first time we become known to each other and to the public as a class, the Class of 1900, the latest, best gift of the collegiate century to the intellectual world. Standing on the learning of the past we press eagerly forward to engrave with varied chisel our name on a new century's bright page. The progenitor of a long race that shall bear the surname 1900 we set the standard high, and challenge our successors to attain to its lofty eminence.

On the twenty-ninth of January last, our class held its first meeting and received its organization. But few were present. As the result of previous scheming, Mr. J. K. Graves, than whom none among our number is cherished with more tender affection, was unanimously elected to the office of president. On the same ticket was Mr. G. B. Shields, who was elected to the office of vice-president. Mr. H. B. Chermside, whose budding genius has already begun to win for him renown, was chosen to represent our class as an editor of the CALYX. At a subsequent meeting Mr. S. W. Frierson and your humble scribe were elected to the offices of treasurer and historian respectively. No better men than these (pardon the egotism) could have been selected. It is praise sufficient when I say that they are worthy to represent our honorable body.

To describe those peculiar accomplishments and endowments, which have so endeared each of us to our respective selves, would be a task too arduous for so feeble a pen. But I should be remiss in my duty did I not mention, "pinkest among the pink," Mr. F. H. Anschutz, our sweet singer, whose mellifluous tones would penetrate

a heart of oak. Nor must Johnny Graves, our beloved president, be omitted in this mention. Johnny whose winning ways and rosy cheeks play havoc with the hearts of ladies. Of him, I believe, it is related that, when returning late one night, as he gazed into the inky skies, he saw one of our brilliant Lexington electric lights, and was struck dumb with admiration, and gave utterance to that beautiful couplet,

"Oh, my! how pretty the moon looks,
There were never so many before."

R. H. Joyner, whose exceeding modesty causes the upper portion of his cranium to remain in one continual blush, is our pride at in-door athletics. His feats on the bar can be equalled only by those of some of our class at bars which are not parallel. Worthy also of honorable mention is R. W. Flournoy, whose artistic soul finds its sweet delight in delineating with inspired crayon his beautiful imaginings. To him belongs the honor of having produced that apt representation of the ancient fable, which in solitary loneliness adorns the Greek room. As regards looks none of us can compare with S. W. Frierson, from beneath whose dusky lashes, azure eyes emit their love-lit sparks which flit like lightning-bugs from maiden to maiden but find no permanent abiding place.

Time fails me to call the entire roll of our illustrious, for there are among us orators whose silver eloquence will make future generations tingle with ecstatic pleasure; musicians whose symphonies seem to be echoes from the grand celestial orchestra (though I did once hear some say they wished they were in H—); philosophers whose fiery imaginations have scorched the seat of their reason; poets, artists, scientists, etc., in fact there are those who will represent us in every calling in life.

Some changes have taken place in the faculty since our advent; the hands that guided our steps as beginners, are gone from us, and have left the completion of their work to other hands. Both have our heartfelt thanks for their kind and faithful guidance and help.

Now but one year more remains before us. The goal is in view and we are on the verge of its attainment. Then let every one put forth his best efforts, and, with undiminished ranks, let the Class of 1900 march forth with flying colors to daub life-sized portraits on the pages of history.

S. B. McP.

Class of 1901.

KEEBLE, ... *President.*
MCNULTY, ... *Vice-President.*
LAUCK, ... *Secretary and Treasurer.*

COLORS: Green. FLOWER: Morning Glory.

YELL: Hippy! Hippy! Hi! Ki!
Plug on, Have your Fun.
Rip! Zip! Fi! Pi!
Nineteen Hundred and One.

CLASS BEVERAGE, ... Corn Juice.
CLASS STUDENT, . . . Smiley (four hours on Latin.)
CLASS MASCOT, ... Caffery.
CLASS BEAUTY, ... Kirkpatrick.
CLASS SPORT, ... Robertson.
CLASS PREP, ... Lord.
CLASS TOUGH, ... Huff.

CLASS MOTTO: Nec scire fas est omnia.

Honorary Members.

GEORGE W. DEWEY, . . . Admiral, United States Navy.
PROFESSOR WILLIS.

Senior Law Class.

ROBERT WALTER WITHERS, Virginia, . . . *President.*
JAMES MULLEN, Virginia, ... *Vice-President.*
A. BROADDUS WINFREE, Washington, . *Secretary and Treasurer.*
FLOYD WILSON KING, Virginia, ... *Orator.*

Roll.

WILLIAM JAMES BRYAN, A. B., . . . Kissimmee, Florida.
Emory College, Georgia.
ALEXANDER STUART GIBSON, ... Richmond, Virginia.
ROGER WAYLES HARRISON, ... Hopkinsville, Kentucky.
WILLIAM PARRY JOLLIFFE, ... Buchanan, Virginia.
JOHN WILLIAM JONES, ... Blackfoot, Idaho.
FLOYD WILSON KING, ... Palmyra, Virginia.
JAMES STEELE MCCLUER, . . . Parkersburg, West Virginia.
SAMUEL BARLEY MCELDOWNEY, . . New Martinsville, West Virginia.
ROBERT EUGENE MOORE, B. S., . . . South Boston, Virginia.
Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
GEORGE WALLACE MUIR, ... Lexington, Kentucky.
JAMES MULLEN, A. B., ... Petersburg, Virginia.
Randolph-Macon College.
WILLIAM BRYANT NOWLIN, ... Lynchburg, Virginia.
GEORGE CUTHBERT POWELL, ... Washington, D. C.
JOHN POWELL ROYALL, ... Tazewell, Virginia.
HARRY CHRISTIAN TOBEY, ... Salina, Kansas.
ROBERT ANDERSON WATSON, ... Covesville, Virginia.
THOMAS FRANKLIN WEST, ... Milton, Florida.
ANDREW BROADDUS WINFREE, . . . Colfax, Washington.
ROBERT WALTER WITHERS, ... Suffolk, Virginia.

If you want to make B. L.
Laugh at jokes professors tell;
But to clinch it as you know,
Take to church their calico.

HISTORY.

LIKE all historians, the writer feels his own incompetence and the greatness of the subject he is going to write upon—or at least, he hereby says so (so having done his duty in that respect let it pass as the truth anyway). And although we realize the greatness of the Class of '99, we are also obliged to realize that, in the words of the sage, "There are others."

Having heard in our far-away homes of the "Athens of the South" and the greatness of old W. and L. U.; we went through the ordeal of telling our girls good-bye—and again let me say, "There are others"—and took the train for the far-famed town of Lexington. We were met at the *city* of Balcony Falls by the famous fast running "Virginia Creeper," and after four hours of travel we covered the twenty-two miles which separated us from the scene of our future labors.

Our freshman souls were made to swell with pride by the attention the old students showed us, but

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!"
For the senior's pride
Was but laid aside
Till "freshy's" vote was won.

After meeting many of the older students, and promising our votes to each side some three or four times, we at last got settled down and prepared to enter upon our college work.

We were somewhat startled when we were ordered to report the next morning to ——— in Purgatory. But imagine our feelings the next morning when we neared the door and found in large

letters above the entrance to the aforesaid Purgatory these words: "*Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here.*"

Having now gotten our bearings and become a *coctus hominum*, we proceeded to argue with Rousseau, Locke, Spencer, and a few others, and taught them that "Man does *not*, as an independent isolate, enter society on certain conditions."

"See my speech on Declaration of Independence, in which I said: 'Mark its clear assertion of the equality of the individual right of every man to Life, Liberty, etc. Woman is not in it and should not be. The duty of the wife to the husband is obedience, first, last, and all the time.' (*E contra*, Married Woman's Act of 1887.) Being by this time weary of our conflict *with* the law, we would fain have stood aside and watched the conflict *of* the laws, but again we learned this could not be, for the study of law is hard in real(i)ty, the "*lex loci rei sitæ*" governs and we were denied either a change of venue or a continuance.

We next listened to the discourses of Lord Stowell and became acquainted with the "*jus inter gentes*" and the "*jus gentium.*"

Extraterritoriality, Naturalization, Extradition, and Expatriation put us completely at sea, "on the highway of the nations."

After being hauled before courts of all nations, except China, Turkey, and a few other heathen countries, we were glad to use this "highway of nations" and get back to our own country, but with constitutions quite too weak to attack successfully the rather strong constitution of our Uncle Samuel.

"Follow me closely, young gentlemen. The unit of sovereignty is the State. The Federal government has only such powers as are delegated to it by the States and all powers not delegated are reserved to the sovereign States."

Hear again, "Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, etc." These words are *wedded* not *divorceable*.

The constitutionality of a tax can have no other basis than the raising of a revenue for public purposes and whatever governmental exaction has not this basis is tyrannical and unlawful. "*Take a reference gentlemen*," Topeka vs. Loan Association. Taking the individual's property even by governmental hand and giving it to a chosen few is robbery!

Now we are not *public carriers*, or *private carriers*, though we may be *common carriers*, but how to carry this vast amount of knowledge through to examinations without being allowed to make any limitations as to liability seems indeed hard, but we are told that we have contracted to do so and it must be done.

Being warned in advance that *ignorantia legis neminem excusat* was the motto here, we managed to pass the trying ordeal of the latter part of December, but in doing so, the truth of the words of the poet,

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn,"

was vividly impressed upon us.

Again starting in with renewed energy we became agents for one of those soulless beings, a corporation. Being treated by this ideal, metaphysical, legal entity, to a few shares of watered stock, for which we learned we would afterwards be held accountable, we left it and traveled as "couriers without luggage" toward the land of Partnerships. But here again we found ourselves on dangerous ground as we would be held liable *in solido*.

Feeling weary of the fight, we entered into an agreement with the professors whereby our chances of a pass were insured. They orally agreed to waive all of the clauses of the policy if we would do all in our power to fulfil the original contract by hard study. But in making application for the fulfillment of the insurance policy we failed to answer all of the questions in writing and the court held that the omissions were material and that we could not set up a waiver by parol.

After having had some converse in the clouds with "legal fictions" and "ideal entities" we were again brought to earth and became "fixtures" without even a chance of a "common recovery." "*Catch the expression and follow me closely*" for in lands, tenements and hereditaments you have your *real* work of the term. As we were never known to shirk any of our work we took a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, and made the "*otter*" relinquish his "*right of piscary*" and as we found the "*fox*" had no "*livery of seisin*" he had to give up his "*right of turbary*." Fee simple, base or qualified fee and *feodum talliatum* next came before our eyes and *ipso facto* left an impression on our minds, but it seems only

a transient one, which was never *at home* at just the right time, for in June when we were charged with "*waste*" many of us had to plead guilty. Thus closed our first year at college and we now went back to our homes to enjoy three months of well earned and much needed rest.

September found us again in Lexington, and getting our bearings to begin an action against one Pollock, Bart., for malicious prosecution of some unoffending students. But we failed in our action here, as Pollock proved conclusively that he had good grounds for bringing his action, as the aforesaid students had most shamefully misquoted him on several occasions which were not privileged.

Again, "Equity follows the law," and it followed us, too, ever sounding in our ears, "*Vigilantibus non dormientibus aequitas subvenit*"; and still this vigilantibus non dormientibus kept ringing in our ears although it was

"Work—work—work
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work
As prisoners work for crime!
Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!"

But as "Equity looks upon that as done which ought to be done," we came out ahead this time and ready to stand trial whether the issue was single or double, certain or uncertain, material or immaterial;—it made no difference to us whether Stephen wrote his famous book with a quill pen or a steel stub, whether he ever went horseback riding *and if so the color of the horse*, or whether he confined himself strictly to one room and took no exercise. We are here for business and if we can get our suits through without having our "declarations" demurred to, or judgment, "*nil dicit*," entered, we will not let Mr. Stephen's actions, while writing his famous book, cause us any sleepless nights.

We were next arraigned before the "Kentucky Court" to answer the charge of wilfully, and with malice aforethought, shooting at, with intent to maim, disfigure, and kill, one Clark's Criminal

Procedure; and this would have gone hard with us but for the Admiralty Law which was towed alongside, and whose *salvage clause* saved many a good ship from total wreck. With this latter subject we found ourselves in strange waters indeed but managed to keep our green lights burning until an experienced pilot from the Norfolk bar brought us safely into port.

Now has this long and painful cause come on for a final hearing, and it is hoped that after argument of counsel is heard, the court will see fit to grant a decree in favor of the parties plaintiff, all and several, and that in accordance therewith B. L. Degrees will be duly executed by the proper authorities to each of the said parties plaintiff.

A. B. W.

SENIOR LAW CLASS.

THE FIRST CASE IN COURT

Junior Law Class.

Officers.

SCOTT MARION LOFTIN, Florida, ... *President.*

CHARLES FAUNTLEROY HARRISON, Virginia, . *Vice-President.*

ALEXANDER DANNON HAMILTON, Virginia, . . . *Secretary.*

HARLOW SHAW DIXON, West Virginia, ... *Editor.*

Roll.

BARTLETT, PAUL VINCENT, ... Lexington, Kentucky.
A. B., Kentucky University.

BERRY, JAMES A., ... Buena Vista, Virginia.
A. B., Emory College, Georgia.

BUSHONG, FRANK LEE, ... Woodstock, Virginia.
A. B., Roanoke College.

CARRUTHERS, ANGUS RUSSELL, ... Astoria, Oregon.

DILLARD, JOHN REDD, JR., ... Spencer, Virginia.

DIXON, HARLOW SHAW, . . . Ronceverte, West Virginia.

ELLETT, HARRY CAPERTON, . . . Christiansburg, Virginia.
B. S., Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

EPES, ALLEN, ... Blackstone, Virginia.

GISH, JAMES EMMETT, ... Vinton, Virginia.

HAMILTON, ALEXANDER DANNON, . . . Petersburg, Virginia.
Graduate Virginia Military Institute.

HARRISON, CHARLES FAUNTLEROY, . . . Leesburg, Virginia.
Graduate Virginia Military Institute.

HOBBS, HENRY CLIFTON, . . . Powellsville, North Carolina.

LEFFEL, WILLIAM THORNTON, . . . Shawner Mill, Virginia

LOFTIN, SCOTT MARION, ... Pensacola, Florida.

MARTIN, WILLIAM HENRY, ... Woodstock, Virginia.

MAUCK, WILLIAM RANDOLPH, . . . Mt. Clinton, Virginia.

MCCLUER, JOHN CAMERON, . . . Parkersburg, West Virginia.

Commencement '99.

Sunday, June 11th.

11 A. M. : Baccalaureate Sermon,
BISHOP CHARLES B. GALLOWAY, Mississippi.

9 P. M. : Address before Young Men's Christian Association,
REV. P. T. HALE, D. D., Virginia.

Monday, June 12th.

6 P. M. : Annual Regatta, ALBERT SIDNEY *vs.* HARRY LEE.

9 P. M. : Celebration of the Literary Societies.

ORATORS :

GRAHAM-LEE SOCIETY.	WASHINGTON SOCIETY.
R. W. WITHERS, Virginia.	E. D. OTT, Virginia.
E. B. PANCAKE, West Virginia.	T. A. BLEDSOE, Virginia.

11 P. M. : Final German.

Tuesday, June 13th.

9 A. M. : Stated meeting of Board of Trustees.

11 A. M. : Address before the Law Class,
JUDGE U. M. ROSE, Arkansas.

Annual meeting of Alumni Association,
REV. R. H. FLEMING, D. D., Virginia, President.

9 P. M. : Address before the Literary Societies,
GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER, Alabama.

Wednesday, June 14th.

11 A. M. : Commencement Exercises.

Diplomas, Scholarships, Medals, etc., awarded by
PRESIDENT WILSON.

Valedictory by JAMES A. MCCLURE, Virginia.

Alumni Address, HON. HORACE L. DUFOUR, Louisiana.

2 P. M. : Alumni Dinner.

10 P. M. : Final Ball, STEWART L. CREBS, Illinois, President.

Final Ball.

President.

Stewart L. Crebs.*

Executive Committee.

David Moore Barclay, Chairman,
Lister Witherspoon,
Coleman Rogers Robinson,
Robert Granville Campbell,
Charles Norvell Roark,
John Wanroy Garrow,
James Steele McCluer.

Invitation Committee.

Lindley Allison Hickman, Chairman,
Robert Walter Withers,
Gustav Benz Capito,
Gabriel Benoist Shields,
Henry Lewis Martin.

Arrangement Committee.

Ewing Davidson Sloan, Chairman,
Arthur M. Shipp,
Floyd Wilson King,
Edmund Blair Pancake,
Charles Chamberlain McNeill.

Decoration Committee.

Herbert Brooke Chermside, Chairman,
Mosby Garland Perrow,
Edwin Page Bledsoe,
Harlow Shaw Dixon,
Benjamin Franklin Harlow.

*Mr. Crebs was elected as successor to Mr. C. T. Smith, on Mr. Smith's withdrawal from the University.

ENTRANCE TO CAMPUS—LEE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

PUBLICATIONS

The Southern Collegian.

Sapere Aude.

SAMUEL COLVILLE LIND, Tennessee, ... Editor-in-Chief.
MOSBY GARLAND PERROW, Virginia, . Assistant Editor-in-Chief.
ROBERT WALTER WITHERS, Virginia, ... Law Class Editor.
EWING DAVIDSON SLOAN, Mississippi, ... Athletic Editor.

Graham-Lee Society.

J. S. McCLUER, West Virginia.
E. B. PANCAKE, West Virginia.

Washington Society.

C. N. ROARK, Kentucky.
T. A. BLEDSOE, Virginia.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS FRIERSON, Alabama, . . . Business Manager.
LISTER WITHERSPOON, Jr., Kentucky, ... Assistant Manager.

THE same year that seekers after the precious metal discovered the gold-fields of California, the students of Washington College discovered their need of some way in which to express their independent literary and journalistic proclivities. The outcome of this discovery was a small paper which bore the rather suggestive name of "The Owl." The college man of that day devoted his pen to the writing of verses to dark-eyed maidens, or perhaps, if his quill were from a classical fowl, he would while away his time with neat translations of Horace. He became alternately ecstatic and pathetic, and always "highfalutin" in his description of the chaste beauty of pale Luna as she rode on Vesper's noiseless chariot, or anon he would change from one extreme to another, so that a philippic hurled at the faculty was

nothing rare. As the student was uncontrollable, so was the faculty dictatorial,—two features which kept the poor "Owl" in hot water all the time. The young fledgling, not being used to such aquatic surroundings, led a brief and troubled career, so that the early months of 1849 found her existence a thing of the past.

Of the lofty sentiments and rhythmic gems which dwelled in the students' mind during the years immediately succeeding the death of the unlucky "Owl" we have no record. Twelve long years passed and then the war closed the doors of the college for those weary days of strife, when the loyal students, headed by their devoted professor and captain, formed the Liberty Hall Volunteers and went to battle-field to fight for the cause they loved so well. Three years passed by, after the reöpening of the college, before another attempt was made to establish a student publication. Not wishing to name the new craft after a sunken vessel, the name of the new paper was changed from "The Owl" to THE COLLEGIAN, which was issued fortnightly and consisted of eight folio pages. The first volume of the new periodical was fortunate in having at its head two men of such marked talent as C. R. Breckenridge, who has lately returned from his post of duty as Minister at the Russian Court, and S. Z. Ammen, present editor of the Baltimore *Sun*. With the vigor of youth THE COLLEGIAN sprang to its task like one eager for the fray. The support of the best talent in college was secured, so that during its first quinquennium its columns displayed some unusually creditable articles. Thomas Nelson Page may be said to have served his literary apprenticeship on the editorial board of THE COLLEGIAN, as he was one of the editors of the session 1871-72. In the list of editors closing this sketch are found several names of men since distinguished in letters and politics, as well as several who have become well known in the educational world.

During the first year of its existence the editing was done by two editors, one from each literary society, new editors being elected every three months. The next year witnessed a change of name to THE SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN ; also, in addition to the two editors which were elected as formerly, there was an annual editor chosen by joint ballot of the societies. This system continued until 1873, when the jealousy of the societies made it necessary to choose two annual editors. In 1878 THE COLLEGIAN became a monthly, and was reduced to its present magazine form. In the same year began

the custom which still prevails of having the magazine in charge of an editor-in-chief and four associates. The former chosen by the joint vote of the two societies, and the latter, two from each society. In 1892, the societies began to elect jointly an assistant editor-in-chief also.

In 1870, Mr. Santini, of New Orleans, a former editor, gave to the University $1,000, the income from which was to be used each year in purchasing a medal to be awarded to the writer of the best essay appearing in THE COLLEGIAN. For a number of years the *Lexington Gazette* also gave a medal for the second best essay, but that has long since been discontinued.

The list below contains the names of all the editors down to 1872, after which only the names of the chief editors are given :

1868.

S. Z. AMMEN,
C. R. BRECKENRIDGE,
C. C. GARRETT,
T. S. WILKESON,
W. M. NEIL,
W. S. GRAVES.

1869.

C. A. GRAVES,
Annual Editor,
W. L. PRATHER,
N. B. FEAGIN,
GEORGE B. PETERS,
W. T. THOMAS,
A. H. HAMILTON,
R. B. BAYLY.

1870.

A. N. GORDON,
Annual Editor,
J. L. LOGAN,
R. H. FLEMING,
E. G. LOGAN,
H. PICLES,
J. B. STUBBS,
P. D. ENGLISH.

1871.

GEORGE SANTINI,
Annual Editor,
S. R. FISHER,
R. D. HAISLIP,
M. N. WISDOM,
R. J. RICHY,
J. K. LAKE,
THOMAS N. PAGE,

1872.

WILLIAM EDMUNDS,

1873.

W. H. TAYLOE,
W. B. CHILDERS,

1874.

C. W. ANDERSON,
H. L. DUFOUR.

1875.

J. H. DILLARD,
W. P. MCCORKLE.

1876.

JAMES HAY,
W. K. BOCOCK.

1877.
W. S. Currell,
A. R. Cocke.
1878.
W. S. Currell.
1879.
J. H. Hamilton.
1880.
Glover Moore.
1881.
J. E. Cockerell.
1882.
J. G. Meadors.
1883.
H. A. White.
1884.
J. M. Allen.
1885.
B. F. Sledd.
1886.
W. C. Ludwig.
1887.
L. M. Harris.
1888.
T. G. Hailey.
1889.
R. B. Williams.
1890.
W. H. Field.
1891.
H. F. Fitzpatrick.
1892.
W. R. Vance.
1893.
J. H. Hall.
W. McC. Martin.
1894.
W. McC. Martin.
1895.
D. C. McBryde.
1896.
L. C. Speers.
1897.
M. G. Perrow.

Santini Medalists.

1874—W. Boyle,
1875—C. Edmondson,
1876—Harold Walsh,
1877—W. K. Bocock,
1878—E. K. Leavel,
1879—R. F. Campbell,
1880—J. H. Hamilton,
1881—Glover Moore.
1882—H. D. Campbell,
1883—J. G. Meadors,
1884—H. A. White,
1885—G. H. Norman,
1886—B. F. Sledd,
1887—W. M. Reid,
1888—L. M. Harris,
1889—W. Z. Johnstone,
1890—J. S. Bunting,
1891—W. H. Field,
1892—W. E. Harris,
1893—J. H. Hall,
1894—W. R. Vance,
1895—W. C. Lauck,
1896—T. S. Vance,
1897—W. K. McClung.

EDITORS OF SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN.

WITHERSPOON BLEDSOE ROARK McCLUER SLOAN WITHERS
PERROW LIND FRIERSON PANCAKE

The Calyx.

THE advisability of having an annual burst with full force upon the minds of the students of Washington and Lee in the fall of 1894. Most reputable colleges, many progressive academies, were publishing annuals successfully, then why not Washington and Lee *University?* True, previous years had seen some steps taken toward issuing an annual, and once, material for a *Thesaurus* had been actually prepared, but these attempts had all been half-hearted, and from lack of continued interest and persistent push, had dwindled into nothingness. Now, however, interest was strong and earnest, and so a mass meeting of students was duly called. The meeting resulted in the election of William Reynolds Vance of Kentucky, as editor-in-chief, with William Carl Lauck, of Virginia, as assistant, and J. B. Bullitt, of Kentucky, as business manager. The name CALYX was chosen from the calyx of a flower, significant as inclosing what is loveliest and best, and as the cup from which the sweetness and beauty radiate, together with a play on the pet term for Lexington's fair daughters.

The next year, '95-96, from an unfortunate split in college politics, no CALYX was published, but in '96-97, the students, recognizing the necessity of acting in unison, subjected all minor differences to the major idea of having a CALYX, and elected *en masse* a number of editors, and a business manager, V. A. Batchelor, of North Carolina. The board of editors in session chose Jacob D. M. Armistead, of Virginia, editor-in-chief, with Arthur F. Toole, of Alabama, as assistant.

In '97-98 the student-body elected Benjamin Franklin Harlow, Jr., of West Virginia, editor-in-chief, and Livingston Waddell Smith, of Virginia, assistant. The experience of previous years in having overlarge boards (sum total of editors and business managers in '95, seventeen, in '97, twenty-one), now caused a reduction in number to about half; a number which proved amply sufficient, and an example which this year has been followed.

The Ring-Tum Phi.

Editor-in-Chief . . . . Thomas J. Farrar, Virginia.
Managing Editor . . . . John W. Garrow, Texas.

Associate Editors.

James A. McClure, ... Virginia.
Floyd W. King, ... Virginia.
E. Randolph Preston, ... Virginia.
E. Blair Pancake, ... West Virginia.
Charles N. Roark, ... Kentucky.
Ewing D. Sloan, ... Missouri.
Gustav B. Capito, ... West Virginia.
James H. Shively, ... Indiana.

Business Manager.

Harlow S. Dixon, ... West Virginia.

FOR many years the students of Washington and Lee felt the need of a weekly college paper. This need found expression in the publication of the *Ring-Tum Phi*, and the flattering way in which not only students but also alumni are supporting this young publication gives evidence of the fact that the need is being met in a somewhat satisfactory way. With the prestige of one

successful year behind it, there is matter for surprise that any hesitancy about publishing it the second year should have occurred. Its success is now abundantly assured.

From a financial standpoint, it is, perhaps, the only student enterprise which is self-supporting. It is confidently believed that each new year will add to the support which is already being given it and that in a few years it will be a source of income to the athletic fund.

The paper, founded in the fall of '97, owes its existence to Mr. J. S. Slicer, Jr., business manager. G. R. Houston was editor-in-chief. This year, Thomas J. Farrar is editor-in-chief, with Harlow S. Dixon, business manager.

The paper gets its name from the first line of one of the college yells, thus echoing the voice of the students.

EDITORS OF RING-TUM PHI.

DIXON ROARK PRESTON CAPITO SHIVELY KING McCLURE

SLOAN FARRAR GARROW PANCAKE

UNIVERSITY CAMPUS—MAIN BUILDING TO THE LEFT, CHAPEL TO RIGHT.

LITERARY AND
BIOGRAPHICAL
RF

John Randolph Tucker.

THE fairies that crowd around the natal couch were more generous to John Randolph Tucker than were they to Lord Macaulay. To Macaulay, only one good fairy bestowed her favors on the child; to Tucker, they one and all showered the richest blessings that go to make the scholar, teacher, barrister, citizen, statesman, and gentleman. Born of a distinguished ancestry, to his family he may be said to have been indebted for his talent, to his Maker, for his genius.

His grandfather, St. George Tucker, was of English descent; he was a gallant soldier in the War for Independence, a member of the Annapolis Convention, an able jurist, and a learned legal writer. His father, Henry St. George Tucker, also enjoyed great reputation as a lawyer and an author. As president of the Virginia Court of Appeals, and as professor of law in the University of Virginia, he gave proofs of ability which may be said to illustrate the figure of climax, beginning with St. George Tucker, continuing through Henry St. George Tucker to the great John Randolph Tucker. With no disrespect to the recently departed, we add, may the grand figure find further continuance in Professor Henry St. G. Tucker, of Washington and Lee, who has already on frequent occasions displayed the true Tucker ability.

John Randolph Tucker was born in Winchester, Va., December 24th, 1823. While quite young his father removed to Richmond, where he was sent to school to the Richmond Academy. He entered the University of Virginia at the age of fifteen, graduated in mathematics in one year, and at twenty-one (1844) received his degree in law.

When hardly twenty-two he began the practice of his profession in Richmond, but the failing health of his father, whom he devotedly loved, soon called him to Winchester, where he formed a law partnership with Robert Y. Conrad, father of Holmes Conrad, Solicitor-General under Cleveland's last administration. To Winchester in 1868, he brought as his bride Laura Holmes Powell, to whom he was married on October 5th.

The Presidential campaigns of 1852 and 1856 saw Mr. Tucker an elector on the Democratic ticket. In 1855 he canvassed the State, speaking for Henry A. Wise for Governor in the latter's memorable contest against the Know Nothing party, and in 1857 he was chosen Attorney-General of Virginia to fill an unexpired term, to which office he was re-elected in 1859 and 1863, when civil government was subverted by Federal force.

Upon the close of the war, Mr. Tucker retired to Loudoun County to practise law with Burr P. Noland. In 1869 he was appointed one of the counsel of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, but in 1870 was called to the chair of equity and constitutional law in Washington College, then in an era of prosperity under Robert E. Lee as president. In 1874 a deadlock in the Democratic convention gave him an unlooked for nomination for Congress from the Sixth District. He was elected and remained in the House until 1887, a period of twelve years, when he declined renomination. On retirement from active political life, he practised law in Washington City, but again in 1889 returned to Washington and Lee University to assume the duties of professor of equity, commercial law, international, and constitutional law. His political life had never entirely called him away from the University, for yearly he always returned to lecture on constitutional law before the Law Class. In 1891 he was chosen president of the Virginia State Bar Association, and in 1893 became president of the American Bar Association. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him by William and Mary and Union Colleges, and Yale and Harvard Universities.

After this brief and partial list of his elective honors, perhaps it would be well to mention some of his intellectual triumphs, forensic and otherwise. His twelve years spent in Congress were probably the most brilliant period of his career. Here in the celebrated tilt with Blaine, he showed himself master of repartee,

as well as logic, to the great discomfiture of the New England statesman. He was easily the Southern leader, and his manly bearing won from his political opponents the deepest respect and oftentimes friendship, a fact which finds striking exemplification in the life-long intimacy with James A. Garfield. Mrs. Garfield has since, in the recognition of her husband's attachment to Mr. Tucker, presented five hundred dollars to aid in the building of the Tucker Memorial Hall. On January 28th, 1880, Tucker introduced his famous quorum-counting rule; jointly with Senator Edmonds he framed the Anti-Polygamy Law; he was also instrumental in defeating the Blair Educational Bill. His most noted speeches in Congress were on the Centennial Bill, the Tariff, the Electoral Commission Bill, the Constitutional Doctrine as to the Count on the Electoral Vote, the Hawaiian Treaty of 1876, the Federal Election Bill in 1879, and Chinese Immigration in 1883. Perhaps his greatest speech in Congress was on the Tariff, May 8th, 1878, pronounced by Alexander H. Stephens the ablest speech on the tariff ever delivered in the House.

It was at the bar, however, that Mr. Tucker was at his best. The Tuckers seem by nature lawyers, and John Randolph towers above them all. He with Charles O'Connor was counsel for Mr. Davis, by Mr. Davis' special request. Along with David Dudley Field he represented the Democratic party before the Electoral Commission in 1876, which unseated Tilden for Hayes. He appeared before the United States Supreme Court as counsel for the Anarchists, saying that he did not defend anarchy but the constitution. Again he went before the Supreme Court as attorney for his native State in the Virginia Coupon cases, by his masterly argument reversing the decision of the lower courts and winning the case against the bondholders.

Space does not here permit the merest pretense toward enumerating all of Mr. Tucker's signal triumphs at the bar, neither is there room more than to refer to the many and deservedly noted speeches he has made outside of the halls of Congress and outside the court-room. His fund of information seems to have been exhaustless, and his ability to deal with any subject on which he fixed his attention appears to have been limitless. He could leave the hustings to astonish theologians by his deep and accurate learning in church doctrine.

As a writer Mr. Tucker devoted the greater part of his energies to legal subjects, and it is probably on these writings that his future fame will mainly depend. During the last years of his life he spent from three to four hours a day on his work on constitutional law, which, says Dr. Quarles, is his *magnum opus*. It is gratifying to know that this work he left practically completed, and which now under the editorship of his son, Professor H. St. George Tucker, is already in press. Mr. Tucker, as an authority on constitutional law, has long been regarded as *ne plus ultra*.

While pleasure and symmetry both call for further discussion of, or rather allusions to, other traits and talents of Mr. Tucker, lack of space imperatively forbids any such attempts. Suffice it to say, he was an excellent teacher, an exemplary citizen, and a sincere Christian gentleman. His death was mourned in Lexington by young and old, rich and poor, while the State and country deplored the loss of a scholar and statesman. He died February 13th, 1897, and was buried in Winchester, Virginia, the town of his birth. The new law school building, a prospective drawing of which appears elsewhere in the CALYX, will be called after him, the Tucker Memorial Hall, as a poor tribute to the recognition of the great service rendered by him to the University. P.

Professor Henry Parker Willis.

THE head of the enlarged Department of Economics and Political Science in Washington and Lee University was born August 14th, 1874, at Weymouth, near Boston, Massachusetts. In his boyhood his parents moved to Bridgeport, Connecticut, and later to Racine, Wisconsin, where he entered the Racine Academy. This, with the previous training at the hands of private instructors, was his preparation for college. After spending two years at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Willis entered Chicago University in 1892 and pursued the undergraduate course there for two years; in 1894 he received the degree of bachelor of arts.

Appointed graduate scholar in economics, he passed the academic year '94-95 as assistant to Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin. At the end of the term he received the appointment of fellow in economics. During his fellowship Mr. Willis gave instruction in the University and published several economic studies in the *Journal of Political Economy* and other scientific publications.

As special traveling fellow in the department of economics, he went abroad in 1896 to complete the collection of material for a work to be published in the economic series of Chicago University and to purchase foreign works on political economy for the department. Having accomplished these objects during a stay of several months in Paris, he spent two semesters at Berlin and Vienna, and returned to the United States in the autumn of 1897, when the University of Chicago conferred upon him the degree of doctor of philosophy upon work in the departments of economics, political science and modern history.

During the fall of 1897, Mr. Willis was employed as special investigator by the Indianapolis Monetary Commission and during the winter and spring '97-98 was associated with Professor Laughlin and Mr. T. Carroll Root, of New York, in the preparation and publication of the report of the monetary commission, which was presented to Congress in June, 1898.

While engaged upon this report, Mr. Willis was appointed professor of economics and political science in Washington and Lee University. H.

Professor Walter LeConte Stevens.

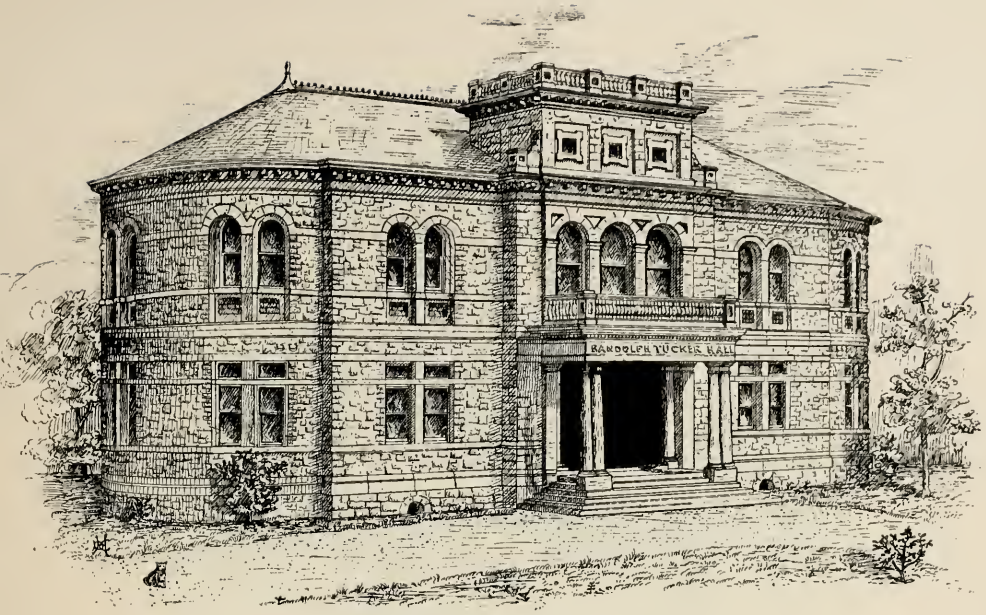
PROFESSOR STEVENS, the new professor of physics, was born in Georgia in 1847 and his boyhood was spent in that State and in South Carolina. His education was interrupted by the war, he losing three years of systematic study. This, however, was partly retrieved by a course of reading, so that a foundation was laid for his future work in South Carolina College, which he entered in January, 1866, and from which he received his baccalaureate degree in June, 1868.

For several years after graduation, Mr. Stevens taught school, first in Atlanta and then in Savannah. In 1876, he entered the University of Virginia, studying mathematics and physics, and in 1877 he went to New York, where he taught for five years in New York City and eight years as professor of mathematics and physics in Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn. He then spent two years in Europe, enjoying the laboratory facilities in the Universities of Strassburg and Berlin, and the Polytechnicum at Zürich. In 1892, he returned to America to the chair of physics in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, at Troy, New York, which position he retained until the summer of 1898.

In 1881, Mr. Stevens began the publication of a series of articles on physiological optics which appeared simultaneously in the *American Journal of Science* and the *London Philosophical Magazine*. Since that time he has been well known among physicists generally. He has published about forty articles on scientific subjects besides his work in text-book writing and his contributions to a well-known cyclopedia. In 1895, he presided over the section of physics at the Springfield meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He had previously been a fellow of several scientific societies.

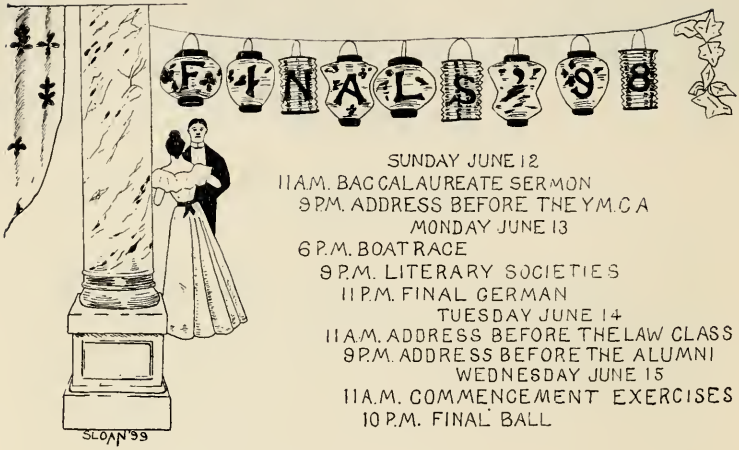
Mr. Stevens occupies a peculiarly trying position as successor to Professor Moreland, who had endeared himself to the students, townspeople, faculty and trustees.

UNIVERSITY CAMPUS LOOKING TOWARD LEE MEMORIAL CHURCH.



J. RANDOLPH TUCKER MEMORIAL HALL,
LAW SCHOOL OF WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, VA.
IN PROCESS OF ERECTION, APRIL, 1899.

THE ground has been broken for the new quarters of the Law Department of Washington and Lee University. The building will be known as the Randolph Tucker Hall. It is being built as a memorial to Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, late Dean of the Law School, by his admirers and friends throughout the United States. Some of the contributors were his political opponents, who thus pay a tribute to his ability and worth. The walls of the building will be of broken-ranged ashlar masonry of the beautiful local grey limestone, and the interior will be trimmed in quartered oak, finish in hard oil. The building will occupy the site of North Dormitory, but will be advanced some thirty feet in front of the present front line of University buildings. The ground space occupied will be ninety-six by eighty feet. It will be two stories in height, fifteen feet and seventeen feet two inches, respectively, and will contain three large section rooms, capable of seating one hundred students each, a large reading-room, a library, and private rooms for the professors, besides halls and lavatory. The basement will contain rooms for the furnaces and storage of fuel. It is expected to be completed for use for the session of 1899-1900.



SUNDAY JUNE 12
11 A.M. BACCALAUREATE SERMON
9 P.M. ADDRESS BEFORE THE Y.M.C.A
MONDAY JUNE 13
6 P.M. BOAT RACE
9 P.M. LITERARY SOCIETIES
11 P.M. FINAL GERMAN
TUESDAY JUNE 14
11 A.M. ADDRESS BEFORE THE LAW CLASS
9 P.M. ADDRESS BEFORE THE ALUMNI
WEDNESDAY JUNE 15
11 A.M. COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
10 P.M. FINAL BALL

UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, CONTAINING RECUMBENT STATUE OF GENERAL LEE AND LEE MAUSOLEUM.

LOOKING TOWARD THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS FROM THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE LIMITS.

Beauty Unsubdued.

Lustrous, laughing eyes of brown,
Complexion as the lily white,
Ringlets flowing richly 'round—
Would that she were here to-night.

I have told her of my love,
Sworn to worship her forever,
Tried my all her heart to move,
Ere she should my heart dissever.

Still, she doesn't care for me,
Ne'er has known that dread unrest
Of unrequited love, nor had
A fellow-feeling in her breast.

And no truer adage runs,
To the seeming of my mind,
Than that a fellow-feeling there,
E'er makes maidens wondrous kind.

So, come, my comrades, toss a bumper,
To that man, forever blest,
Who ne'er has loved a maid but had a
Fellow-feeling in her breast.

—Howell C. Featherston.

College Talk.

"Charlie" 's saying he must leave us,
"Sigma Rho" and "Miss New York,"
These are all the things we hear of,
In the range of college talk.

"Charlie" 's gone from us forever,
He has left us "in a walk,"
But on the beach are other pebbles,
Says this tattling college talk.

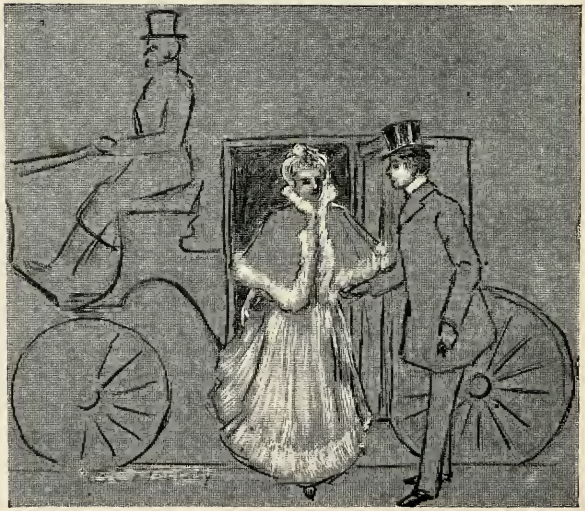
The "Sigma Rhos" initiations,
From hidden "goats," received a balk,
And they missend their invitations,
I have heard from college talk.

And "Miss New York" likes philopenas,
Eats with candy, cake or chalk,
The men are forced to misdemeanors
To pay their debts, says college talk.

—Elton Lake.

When the snow, sleet, and rain are descending,
And mud is ankle high,
The girls in town their way are wending
Across to the V. M. I.

When the moon and stars are shining bright,
And the hop is in full swing,
The student must give his cash to Wright,
Because she can't walk—poor thing.



Some Reminiscences of Washington and Lee.

Based on the Personal Recollections of Professor A. L. Nelson.

IN THE history of every venerable institution there is a period which is obscure, a period too recent to be found in the written records and too remote to be present in the memory of many. In the history of Washington and Lee, this period may be said to extend from the year 1830, with which closes the record of the "Historical Papers," published by the University, to the beginning of the administration of General Robert E. Lee. It is from this epoch of our history that we wish to show a few scenes. Glimpses only can be had of these unrecorded days, as they have been revealed to us by the older members of the community.

Fifty years ago the campus was more circumscribed than it is to-day. An avenue extending from the Institute gate directly to Nelson Street, shut it in. Many of the trees yet standing along the main walk mark its course. The professors' residences were the same, but around each was a low board fence. Instead of Newcomb Hall, one saw a range of dormitories corresponding to the old range which may still be seen at the north end of the main building. The College boarding-house, a two-story frame building, occupied the present site of the president's house. There was no chapel, no Grace Memorial Church, no gymnasium, no chemical laboratory, nothing, indeed, except the old main buildings and the professors' houses. Very contracted would it appear to us now, but to the students of 1849 it was wide and spacious.

The students roomed in the central part of the main building and in the dormitories on each side. They boarded at the College boarding-house, or in private families, the universal price of board being eight dollars a month. Almost any winter morning might be seen country wagons unloading wood for the use of the students. Each man bought his own wood, split it, and packed it in his room. The exercise thus obtained did away, we have been told, with the necessity for a gymnasium!

The campus by night must have presented a far more animated appearance than it ever does now, except, of course, on final ball occasions. The College windows twinkled with scores of tallow candles and camphene oil lamps. The halls were dark, except for such gleams of light as escaped here and there from the rooms. This darkness was a boon to the students and a source of annoyance to the professors, for who could resist the temptation of perpetrating a practical joke now and then upon an unpopular inspector on his nightly round? This practice of inspecting the students' rooms to see that all were safely in and at work, seems very strange to us now. The manner of conducting the inspection varied with the professor. It is said that one very careful gentleman used to wear soft slippers in order that his approach might be noiseless. Very different was the custom of Colonel Ewell, the rugged West Pointer, professor of mathematics. He was heard as soon as he entered the front door, for he always thundered along in his heavy boots, carrying a walking stick, which he rattled upon the floor. He invariably found the boys hard at work, with never a card or backgammon board in sight. Naturally he was a favorite.

In those days every student was a member of one or the other of the literary societies, and much enthusiasm was manifested in the weekly meetings as well as in the celebrations. The Washington Society then, as now, had its annual celebration on the twenty-second of February. That of the Graham occurred for many years on the nineteenth of December, the anniversary of the birth of the Rev. William Graham, founder of the College. In the session of 1847-48, the celebration was shifted to the nineteenth of January to give time for the selection of speakers. By a happy coincidence, this is the birthday of General Lee, and since 1871, it has been so observed by the society.

The year 1849 was a memorable one for Washington College. It was marked by the resignation of the president, Rev. Henry Ruffner, D. D., and the accession to the presidency of Rev. George Junkin, D. D., formerly president of Lafayette College, Pennsylvania. He soon made his presence felt. Short, heavy-set, with keen, black eyes which saw everything without the aid of glasses, he presented a sharp contrast to Dr. Ruffner, a man so absorbed in his books that he did not seem to know the students, nor to see them when they passed him on the walks. The new president's quick temper and disposition to controversy were to militate against his influence before the end of his term as we shall see.

This was Washington College in the years preceding the war between the States. Let us look for a little while at the conditions which prevailed at the outbreak of that great struggle which changed the current of so many lives.

Let us suppose it is the famous spring of 1861. Among the faculty we now recognize Professor J. J. White, Professor C. J. Harris, and Professor A. L. Nelson. The system of espionage has been abandoned, and as a consequence there is a marked improvement in the deportment of the students.

One morning in this spring of '61 interest is centering around an object which has many times received our attention since. "Old George," has in his keeping, not the red or blue of Harry Lee, or Albert Sidney, but a union of the two in the flag of the Southern Confederacy. The students are jubilant, and the faculty noncommittal; but the president does a foolish thing. He is a stern Northern man, and the sight of that flag waving over the institution of which he is the official head, is more than he can stand. He sends aloft a servant who brings down the flag amid the jeers and invectives of the students, and we see the president with his own hands burn the hated banner and scatter the ashes on the campus. What was done originally as a mere freak, now becomes a matter of principle with the students, and forthwith another flag goes up, with a committee to guard it.

A faculty meeting is called. Dr. Junkin announces his fixed intention of resigning if the faculty allow the flag to remain in place until noon. They let it stay and soon a one-horse carriage may be seen traveling northward. It contains Dr. Junkin and his daughter on their way to Pennsylvania.

And now events fall thick and fast. We can imagine that there is little studying in these stirring times. Almost before we know it we pass from the peaceful campus to the smoke and din of First Manassas. There in the fore-front of the battle is the company of beardless youths who have left Lexington under command of their gallant captain, Professor J. J. White. Here we must bid them good-bye, for to attempt to follow them, would be to write the history of the campaigns of the famous " Stonewall " Brigade, of which they formed a part. They disappear in the battle-cloud, merged into that most marvelous of fighting forces, the Army of Northern Virginia, and when the cloud lifts in '65, a few, very few, of them return, bearing upon them the marks of glorious struggle for honor and country.

They found the old College a wreck. The buildings were dismantled, the library scattered, the apparatus destroyed, the treasury empty. It seemed as if the last days of the dear old place were drawing near. But the darkest hour of our history but foreshadowed the dawn of a new era of prosperity.

The board of trustees, animated by indomitable Scotch-Irish pluck, determined to begin again without delay the active work of the institution. On the fourth day of August, 1865, in the room now used by the Law Department as lecture-room, they met and proceeded at once to the election of a president. With regard to this meeting, the most memorable, in many respects, that the board has ever held, we will let an eye-witness speak.

" * * * Several highly respectable gentlemen and scholars were placed in nomination for the presidency, and their merits discussed. At length the board seemed ready to take the vote. Just then Colonel Bolivar Christian arose and said in a somewhat hesitating manner, that he deemed it his duty to make a statement before the vote was taken, which might have some influence on the election. He then said that a lady friend of his, had recently told him that Miss Mary Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee, had remarked to her that while the Southern people were willing and ready to *give* her father everything he might need, no offer had ever been made to him by the acceptance of which he could *earn* a living for himself or his family. A member asked Colonel Christian if he nominated General Lee. He replied that he would not do that, but that he merely wanted the board to know what Miss Lee had

said. * * * At length, after repeated urging, Colonel Christian did make the nomination. All the other names were immediately withdrawn, the vote was called, and General Lee was unanimously elected. Then there was a pause, and silence prevailed for some minutes. The board seemed oppressed with the gravity of the situation, and seemed to feel that they had acted rashly. How could they announce to the world that they had elected to the presidency of a broken-down college, the greatest man not only in the South, but in many respects the greatest man in all the world? And yet it was only brave men who could seize an opportunity like this. 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'

"At length a member summoned courage to say that having taken that step they must go forward, and he moved that a committee of five members, with the rector, be appointed to draft a letter to General Lee apprising him of his election and urging his acceptance. Another member suggested that it would not avail to send a letter through the mail, but that it must be conveyed and pressed by a personal representative, and that there was no one so well qualified for that mission as the rector. Judge Brockenbrough was a large man, of imposing appearance and courtly manners, a good talker and an eloquent speaker. He had been Federal judge of the Western District of Virginia, and had for many years conducted a flourishing law school in Lexington.

"The judge rose at once, and thanking the member for his kind words, said, glancing down at his well-worn clothes, that he could not make an appearance in General Lee's presence dressed as he was; that these were the best clothes he had, and that he had no money wherewith to buy others. Mr. Hugh Barclay, who also was a large man, replied that one of his sons who lived in the North had sent him a suit of broadcloth which he thought would fit Judge Brockenbrough pretty well, and that if he would wear this suit he would be welcome to it. The Judge thanked him, but said there was still another difficulty. It would be quite a journey to Powhatan County, where General Lee was residing, and that he had no money to defray necessary expenses.

Colonel McLaughlin, who was ever an active worker for the financial well-being of the Institution, stated that the College could

borrow some money from a certain Lexington lady who had recently sold a crop of tobacco in Buckingham County. Thus equipped and supplied Judge Brockenbrough went on his mission. * * * On the eighteenth of September, General Lee rode into town on 'Traveler,' and drew rein in front of the hotel."

So began the new era of Washington College, soon to become Washington and Lee University. Its march has ever since been upward and onward in full keeping with the significant and inspiring motto of the Lees, now emblazoned on its arms, "*Non incautus futuri.*"

Easter Sunday.

The church it smelled of good benzine,
The girls had hats of red and green,
And every soul looked washed and clean,
'T was nice to be among them.

Lots of doubtless saints were there,
With gentle mien and honest prayer,
They worshiped God with an humble air,
'T was good to be among them.

And there were hypocrites, whose cant,
Was heard in loud, stentorian rant,
Swelling high above each chant,
Conspicuous, they, among them.

But when all time has found its end,
And we assemble once again,
I wonder who 'll be foremost then,
When God shall come among them?

—Howell Colston Featherston.

The Freshman's Wail.

The homesick freshman sat tearing his hair,
And scanned his books with a groan,
Ever anon he arose from his chair,
And paced his room as he moaned ;

" A freshman's life is an awful bore,
With many a grief and sorrow,
I 've flunked to-day as oft before,
And the same I 'll do on the morrow."

" Exams. are now approaching near,
Much work I have to do,
I 'm haunted by the awful fear,
That I will not get through."

" This math I 've conned so oft before,
Entirely new, it seems,
But after exams. I 'll plug no more,
Nor solve it in my dreams."

" Of Latin, too, I 've had my fill,
Of Cæsar, and Patiscus Fay,
Now Greek, it really makes me ill,
With Addison Hogue's old way."

" The English Class is the softest snap,
That ever was invented,
You can curl yourself, take a nap,
And rarely be tormented."

" But I long for the day (will it ever come ?)
When I shall get my degree,
When all flunking is past, and all plugging done,
And then a most glorious spree."

—Ox.

The Burning of the Natural Bridge.

We reprint from Volume V of *The Southern Collegian* a verbatim account of this famous hoax perpetrated in 1873 by the editors of *The Collegian*.

[*For The Southern Collegian.*]

Probable Destruction of the Natural Bridge.

Fancy Hill, March 8th, 1873.

Messrs. Editors:

As the regular newspapers have all been issued for the week and as I am an old student, I ask the freedom of your columns as a means of communicating a phenomenon of the most extraordinary description that has just thrown this community into the wildest excitement. Last Tuesday evening as I was returning with Mr. Poague, of this place, from a visit to a friend on the other side of the Bridge, I observed upon glancing over into the chasm a vapor issuing from some crevices in the western side of the Bridge, and detected a peculiar odor in the atmosphere. Mr. Poague, upon having his attention directed to the matter, was positive that he could detect something of the sort himself. We were at total loss to conjecture the cause of this unwonted disturbance in the chasm below. Upon returning home and informing our friends of what we had seen, we were informed that our vapor was a mere mist, and if we had smelt anything unpleasant, it must have been a polecat, for these animals are most plentiful in that locality. But having occasion to ride over to the Bridge early this morning, I found things in that quarter in a most sadly excited condition; for about a mile before arriving

at the hotel, I thought I could discern in that neighborhood heavy clouds of smoke hanging intensely black all around that part of the horizon. As I neared the spot, the smoke became denser and blacker, and when I got to the hotel, I found everybody excited and everything in wild confusion. The negroes who occupy the deserted premises near the Bridge on the brow of the hill, had moved down to the hotel, so great was their terror, and every one was making ready to depart at once. From below the Bridge volumes of deep black smoke were rolling continually, except when interrupted by jets of bright flames which occasionally flared up to a great height. The surface of the ground is warm for some distance around, and is steaming very visibly. The peculiar smell I noticed on Sunday last is now plainly perceptible to all. The rock on the western side of the Bridge has been cracked by the heat and large masses have fallen into Cedar Creek. As yet the arch, as well as can be seen in the intervals between the volumes of smoke, is intact. Occasionally, however, we could distinguish the crashing sound of a boulder as it dashed into the water below. The negroes say that the first intimation they had of anything of the kind was last night about nine or ten o'clock; a boy walking across the Bridge was frightened by a bright light shooting from the side of the Bridge; he fled in terror and aroused the rest of the immediate neighborhood. Everyone was almost petrified with terror. I have just reached here from the Bridge; I shall return as soon as I can get another horse. Everything here is about to start for the Bridge. If you will lay this statement before Professor Campbell of our Geological Department, he can doubtless from his extended acquaintance with the geology of our county, throw light upon the causes of this extraordinary phenomenon. Can it be due to electricity? I have refrained from all effort at description as I am in too great a hurry to return.

Yours truly,

J. Parry McCluer.

Upon the receipt of the above letter from Mr. McCluer, which was delivered into our hands by our old college friend, Poague, we were utterly astonished at the possibility of such an occurrence. However, we hastened to lay the statement before Professor Campbell, whom we found in his laboratory busily engaged in

chemical research. We append the statement he was kind enough to give us:

STATEMENT OF PROFESSOR JOHN L. CAMPBELL.

Messrs. Editors Southern Collegian:

Being engaged a number of years ago in the geological survey of this region from the Blue Ridge as far west as the Kanawha deposits of coal, it was my duty to investigate particularly the resources which an all-bountiful Providence had vouchsafed our own county. Of course my attention was directed to that wonderful geological arch, which at the same time strikingly displays the handiwork of Omnipotence and gives a name to Rockbridge County; I refer as a matter of course to that great natural curiosity which every year attracts to our shores visitors from all parts of this land. In examining critically the formation, I discovered that the Bridge was composed of mountain limestone, with large fissures filled with grahamite, which as is well known is a kind of bituminous coal or asphaltum deposited in seams in formations of this peculiar kind. This grahamite was not of course set on fire by anyone; such an act would necessarily be impossible as offending against the laws of Omnipotent construction. At some distance above the high water mark, but not near so high up as the name of the great Virginian, who is sometimes termed the Father of his Country, I detected sulphurous deposits and traces of metallic oxides. The action of sulphur on the metallic oxides even in small quantities in the presence of water, will generate heat to a degree abundantly sufficient to ignite a mass of as combustible a nature as the grahamite. The water, I take it, was supplied by the thawing of the snow and the unprecedented rise of Cedar Creek in the early part of last week. Such I am inclined to consider the cause of this great chemical action, and do not lean toward attributing it, as suggested by Mr. McCluer, to the subtle action of electricity. I have a section of the geological formation of the Bridge, which was carefully prepared here some years since, as above hinted, access to which may be had at any time by all wishing to examine into the causes themselves.

Very respectfully,

J. L. CAMPBELL.

The above account of the causes of the great national calamity (for nothing less assuredly can it be called) appear to us very satisfactory, except that no mention is made of the peculiar smell that Mr. McCluer speaks of as being plainly perceptible. This we suppose is really included in the statement, as seams of asphaltum frequently burn from some cause or other in ore banks with a peculiar odor, probably that of carburetted hydrogen. There is a good deal of excitement in the town and county about this unprecedented, or rather rare, occurrence, and many have already started to the scene of the great subterranean combustion.

Pons Asinorum, or the Natural Bridge.

[From a Succeeding Issue.]

We suppose it is about time for us to look out on the waters to gather up the bread we cast thereupon many days ago. As this language may be too highly figurative for some who are not well read in Eastern literature, we will say we refer to what the press are saying of our little hoax of the "Probable Destruction of the Natural Bridge." It is incumbent on us to say that we were not authorized to use the names that appeared in that connection, but we simply inclosed to each one of the gentlemen named a letter of explanation and a copy of the paper. Persons in this vicinity know these gentlemen and recognize that their names would give credibility to the most marvellous story that Arabia itself could concoct. As our circulation is almost entirely local we did not at first expect anything more than a hoax on the town; but our neighbor the *Gazette* gave us a lift, and we confess we felt no more doubts about its success; and especially did our hopes run high, when the following from the *New York Herald* correspondent at Richmond was received by a prominent gentleman of this section:

RICHMOND, VA., March 18th, 1873.

To Major Dorman:

Please send me briefly the latest of the Natural Bridge phenomenon. CUTHBERT.

Major Dorman telegraphed back that it was a hoax. Imagine, if possible, what a harrowing article, written in sight of the conflagration of course, was lost to the readers of the *New York Herald!* It was then, after Major Dorman's telegram, that persons in Richmond became wise and arose and exposed the hoax. But before that some who are called Wise offered emendations to the explanations given us. Of course we can not object, as they have as much right to burn the Natural Bridge their way as we did in ours.

WHAT THE *ENQUIRER* SAYS OF THE SELL.

Just here we will give what the *Enquirer* says of the hoax; the *Enquirer* will hereafter be banked on by our students:

It is amusing to see how all the papers that were caught by the Natural Bridge hoax have turned to abusing the students who edit the *Collegian*, who were the inventors of the rather clever sell. The unanimous opinion of "the sold" is that these youthful wags ought to be "birched." As in the case of belling the cat, we might ask, "Who is to do the birching?" But as we are not one of the victims—but the first to expose the pious fraud—we pronounce the "Burning of the Natural Bridge" "the best thing out." We hope, however, no effort will be made to change the name to *Pons Asinorum*. Since the days of Edgar A. Poe's "Balloon Hoax," and Locke's "Journey to the Moon," nothing has been done to equal it in cleverness.—*Richmond Enquirer*.

The editor of the *Enquirer* talks like a grown man and is not peevish; just the way every sensible man has looked at this thing yet. In contrast with this sensible paragraph from the *Enquirer* comes the following Tennysonian lamentation from Petersburg.

In the *Gazette* office the other day, we accidentally came upon a clipping from a little sheet that some of our readers from this State may know, but of which we never before heard in our lives—the Petersburg *Appeal*. The *Appeal* did not see fit to notify us of its existence and its disapproval by sending us a marked copy. We quote its imbecile piece of maudlin morality in full:

A Curious Quiz.—We respectfully submit that the Lexington College boys who got up that hoax about the Natural Bridge which has been going the rounds of the press for the past week or two, in

the earlier and better days of the Republic would have been soundly birched, all and several, for committing the sin once defined as lying and now as Colfaxing. What fun these callow collegians expect to extract from the " sell " is their concern and not ours; and we only protest in the name of the plain truth, which the young men of Virginia were once taught and made to respect, that they ought to be ashamed of passing off their heavy joke by the deliberate attachment and publication of the names of eminent gentlemen to statements which they had themselves fabricated, and knew to be wholly devoid of foundation in fact. Except that we believe that these young gentlemen did not mean any harm or wrong in palming off this hoax (which is suggestive of " Hoax " Ames) on the people of the country, it would be only too easy to stigmatize such a use of other men's names by a term which they would not like to hear nor we to apply. But we do urge our thoughtless young friends to beware of such practical jokes hereafter, or, if they play them, let their method of creating the false impression they wish to make, be a little more indirect and ingenious. We should think, however, that they could find something better to do than practising such puerile follies:

> " In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
> Yet sickening of a vague disease,
> You know so ill to deal with time,
> You needs must play such pranks as these."

The above is right pretty, but like gold foil is thin and when held to the light looks green. Of course every one sees that it was written by some sickly, vermiculose boy who plays sub local to a picayune paper, and reads Tennyson. According to the nature of such innocents, he bit. We have frequently remarked how unanimous the gulls have been in denouncing our harmless sell; sensible people have laughed at it. Why does he blame us for his credulity? Did we have the making of him that he should not be an ass? God forbid! But to ease his patriotic conscience, we will tell him that no Virginian was on the editorial staff of the *Collegian* at that time. It was the work of an immoral Alabamian immediately from Texas, who only tarries for a short while upon the soil that sprouted the memorable cherry tree, over which the great Virginian told the truth and astounded the Mother of States and States-

men. We hope that this young Petersburger's confiding nature has not brought him into contempt? Has he, like Governor Wise is said to have done, ventured on an emended explanation of the great national calamity? We are sorry to have brought down such small game. We aimed as high as the *New York Herald*, and did take in Cuthbert of the *Herald* at Richmond, but of course did not even think of such indifferent fry as the Petersburg lad. He is quite as noble a foeman as that into which Roderick Random plunged the Gascon's sword. We heartily sympathize with our joke in its humiliation. But probably we are taking too serious a view of the case. The little lad may not belong to that class who according to Sidney Smith never can get a joke into their heads without the aid of a trepan. He may have been solicitous only to quote that piece of poetry and did not know how else to do it. The *Appeal*, not wishing to blast our reputation, refrained from doing some terrible thing, we could not guess what. The voice of one known to be an ass is not terrible, even when issuing from a lion's skin; what feeling then, does a donkey inspire when he brays beneath the hide of a cur? The *Appeal* probably does not forget that it has always required talent to tell lies that sound like truth, but no more ability is required to believe them than any ordinary jackass possesses. Ulysses, Hannibal, Chesterfield, and Talleyrand excelled in lying, but the Petersburg *Appeal* abounds in the most charming kind of childish faith. We should not think, therefore, that the *Appeal* attache could find anything better to do than exercising his puerile powers. With a Tennysonian stanza, we will leave this interesting specimen of childish credulity:

> So queer you gas, you 're sure an ass,
> If more you be than silly geese,
> You know so ill to deal with time
> You needs must take in tales like these.

In this connection we find a piece in the *Baltimore Sun* of March 26th:

A Natural Bridge Hoax.—The *Southern Collegian* of March 8th, conducted by some amateur young journalists of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, has published an account of quite a prodigy at the famous Natural Bridge in Rockbridge

County, of which Lexington is the county seat. The account represented that wonderful structure as slowly consuming, the writer suggesting that electricity was the cause, and calling upon Professor Campbell, of the Lexington University, for an explanation. A note is then subjoined, purporting to come from Professor Campbell, and signed by his name, in which he states that large fissures of the limestone of the bridge are filled with a kind of bituminous coal or asphaltum, and gives chemical reasons for the combustion. The paper containing the story was sent to us carefully marked, sometime since, but we as carefully refrained from noticing it. Several rustic journals in Virginia and Maryland have been burned by the Natural Bridge conflagration, and it is still kept going in the Northern press. Without any discourtesy to the authors of this nonsensical invention, we think that if they would employ themselves in pursuing the studies for which their parents sent them to college they would help the dignity of the new university at Lexington and their own usefulness more than by manufacturing idle canards, and especially by fabricating the letter of a professor in their institution, though if he can excuse such a liberty perhaps no one has a right to complain. (Just so.—*Collegian.*) We fear that when the truth reaches those credulous sensation-mongers of the Northern press who have been taken in by the hoax there will be some moral reflections on collegiate training in Lexington not altogether of a complimentary kind, accompanied, perhaps, by a hint that the " bridge " is not the only " natural " in that region, with an intimation that the authors of the hoax, in their effort to burn the bridge, have not proven that they are able to " set North River afire."

We had nothing at all to do with sending copies off. If done at all, it was done by subscribers. The only thing that makes us fear that the *Sun* was troubled for the safety of the great Bridge only fourteen miles from the place where twenty-five or thirty years ago, one who is not now unknown to national fame published a little paper about the size of ours, is this: It took just seventeen days (allowing one for the *Collegian* to get to Baltimore) of *careful refraining* to find out that it was certainly a sell. We don't doubt the *Sun* smelt a rat; but it *carefully refrained* from exposing the hoax until it had been exposed by telegram to Richmond. If, as the *Sun* sup-

poses, any "credulous sensation-monger of the Northern press" should hint that there was another "natural" in these parts besides the Bridge, we should say he was behind the times twenty-five or thirty years; there used to be one here, but he left, and took away with him from the *Gazette* the only thing that was "able to set the North River afire." We who take our proof on his old press, but print on a bigger affair, did the next thing to it, and, in imagination at least, enveloped the Bridge in flames.

WHAT THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMEN THINK OF THE HOAX.

The Lexington (Va.) *Gazette* says that the report of the threatened destruction of the Natural Bridge, to which it gave currency, was a hoax. It says that the article was copied from a magazine published by the students of Washington and Lee University, the editors of which concocted the story. We do not share in the *Gazette's* admiration for the "cleverness" of the fabrication. It was nothing but a square lie, which received currency only through the forged endorsement of Professor Campbell, and its publication by as responsible a journal as the *Gazette.—Lancaster* (Pa.) *Intelligencer.*

The above are the sentiments of a secluded weekly which published a full account in the first side and found out the sell before the end of the week. Of course it was nothing to him but a square lie; that is if we do not take into consideration the ridiculous situation of a man who has to sour in one part of his paper on what he has rolled as a sweet morsel under his editorial tongue in another part.

A Yankee seventeen days after the hoax was published brands it as an effort to advertise.

THE NEW YORK *TIMES* ON THE NATURAL BRIDGE HOAX.

A scientific person has been appealed to with a request for an explanation of those horrifying occurrences, and has solemnly intimated that in his opinion "chemical action" is at the bottom of the affair, and that where it will end no man can venture to predict.

There is no reason that the scientific person is right in his diagnosis of the Natural Bridge difficulty. Chemical action, such as takes place when fire is brought into close proximity with a tar-barrel, would fully explain the matter. Such action would produce the flame and smoke which wreaths the Bridge, and would diffuse throughout the neighborhood the peculiar odor of which mention has been made. The wild excitement of the colored population is naturally due to a vision of the crowds of visitors, laden with pennies and cigars, who will hasten to see the presumed volcano, and both the State pride and the personal profit of the adjacent hotel-keeper would lead them to give the story as wide a currency as possible.

In all probability, however, this effort to bolster up with tar-barrels the waning popularity of the Natural Bridge will prove a failure. Volcanoes do not, as a rule, break out at the bottom of deep ravines, and people who know that at Naples or Messina they can get a satisfactory amount of active volcanoes for their money will not be induced to travel to Virginia in order to look at blazing tar-barrels, continually fed with fresh material by unprincipled colored conspirators. The latter will have their labor for their pains, and their richer accomplices, who may be presumed to have supplied the tar, will have made an investment which will bring no returns. Bridges are not and can not be made popular, and the public taste, which just now sets strongly in the direction of the hot springs and cañons of the Yellowstone, will not be attracted to the Natural Bridge by any quantity of blazing tar and fainting colored persons.

FROM THE LEXINGTON *GAZETTE*.

Strange to say, the ingenious and daring report of such a conflagration was credited in Lexington and Rockbridge by not a few persons, and some not unknown to letters, law, and science. The story *now* looks supremely ridiculous, but when first coming from the press it appeared far from improbable to men who had no small reputation for seeing through millstones.

It would afford much pleasant reading to report the expressions of the parties "sold" by the *Collegian*. Some ladies wept for the "Bridge." Some citizens sighed in secret sorrow and slept a

night in woeful delusion. Several farmers declared they knew "something was going wrong" for they had smelt a strange smell for a day or two. A debating society in Collierstown was speechless with astonishment at the news. At the churches in the rural districts it required a couple of hymns and a personal invitation from the deacons to get the people to break off discussing the Bridge and come in. Many regretted it was such good ploughing season as they were anxious to use a horse in seeing what was left of the "Bridge." The sheriff turned some parties back who set out to see for themselves.

FROM THE BALTIMORE *GAZETTE*.

Some time ago Professor Gunning predicted that in a certain number of years—very uncertain, indeed, however, to those now living—we would lose Niagara. It was very bad to part with that wonder of the world in a thousand years or so, but we made up our mind to do it. Even the National Park at the Yellowstone and the big trees of California will go next. We will be told that the Mammoth Cave is filling up, and that the White Mountains are gradually, like the Andes, sinking, until some centuries hence where they now stand will be a gigantic hole in the ground. And here is Mr. McCluer, of Rockbridge County, Virginia, who tells us that the Natural Bridge is going. It is on fire. From below the Bridge volumes of deep, black smoke were rolling continually, except when interrupted by jets of bright flames, which occasionally flare up to a great height. The surface of the ground is warm for some distance around, and is steaming very visibly. The rock on the western side of the Bridge has been cracked by the heat, and large masses have fallen into Cedar Creek. As yet the arch, as well as can be seen in the intervals between the volumes of smoke, is intact. A boy walking across the Bridge has been frightened by seeing fire issue out of its crevices, and a peculiar smell, plainly perceptible, accompanies the combustion. This cause is considered either chemical action or electricity. It is a first-class sensation at present.

It will gratify the lovers of the natural, whether Sons of Malta or not, to learn that the Natural Bridge, of Virginia, is not burned,

as reported. Some of General Lee's bad boys at Lexington started the story in the *Collegian.—Mobile Register.*

[The hoax was concocted by William Edmonds, of Alabama, editor of the *Collegian*, Charles F. Warren, of North Carolina, and William Dunlap, assisted by Rev. John J. Lafferty, D. D., editor of the *Gazette*, now editor of the Richmond (Va.) *Christian Advocate.*— Ed. Calyx.]

They will dance the german to-morrow night,
Will dance in the pillared hall,
Aglow with the crystal globes of light,
Athrob with the violin's call.

For many a night in the years gone by
Did my pulse to the quick strains beat,
My heart would bound at the flash of an eye,
And the chime of the glancing feet.

How glimmer of satin, ripple of lace,
The scent of carnation and rose,
The sparkle and glow of a girl's fair face
Flash out as the music flows!

And the gay collegians yield that night
To Lucy and Kate and Madge,
Their silken ribbons of blue and white
Unloosed from the jeweled badge.

But where are the faces of days gone by?
The faces I used to know,—
Some still smile on but the fairest lie
'Neath the light November snow.

While they that will move in the morrow's dance,
Who danced on the eves before,
Have long forgot the smile and the glance
Of the lips and the eyes of yore.

And I, who once mid the joyous throng
Danced on till the darkness fled,
Awake and remember as one who long
Has slept with the nameless dead.

C.

had lived in the foothills of the Blue Ridge since she first saw the light of day, and like most of her neighbors, was content to die there without having rubbed up against the great outside world beyond the crest of the hills that surrounded and completely shut in the little village in which she and her neighbors lived. Her life was exactly like that of her neighbors'—up with the lark in the morning and down with the sun at night; attending to her household duties during the week, and on Sundays driving four miles to her church to worship God in her simple and unassuming manner. By faith she was a Cheese-Box Baptist, a local but powerful denomination. Deacon Williams, her pastor, had been a friend of her family since her second son was born, and that was twenty-two years ago.

It was in the early fall, when the corn had been gathered and stored away and the fire-wood ranked under the shed, which is equivalent to saying that the farming year was at an end and that farmers' wives and sons and daughters could look about for amusement, that Mrs. Brown surprised her family and neighbors by announcing that she was going to visit her nephew in Lexington. With Mrs Brown, to determine was to execute, so that after a short note apprising her nephew of her intention had been posted and a few necessary reparations made on her old green bonnet and figured waist, she found herself seated in the one-horse spring

wagon, with her grandfather's leather trunk just behind her seat, driving the old grey along the country road, heading for Lexington.

Her reception by her nephew, while not as effusive as she evidently expected, was cordial and warm. The old lady's peculiarities and idiosyncrasies soon made themselves manifest and her great-nieces and -nephews were not over-zealous in making their appearance in public with her. From this point we will let her tell her own story to her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Susan Jones.

"Yes, Susan, I seen everything that was to be seen; I went over to the College an' just went through it right. When I first walked over to th' grounds I didn't have nobody to show me nothing, 'cause

none of our folks was with me,—Mary she said she had a headache and Fannie she couldn't go out 'cause 't was cold. I never seen such onhealthy childen as Joe's got; they was 'fraid to go out ov th' house.

"Well, I went over to the College, but didn't see nothin' 'cept a lot of green grass an' some big houses wid long columns an' a statute of Gin'l Washington set on the top of one ov 'em.

"But by' an by' after I 'd walked all round th' place, on th' little gravel walks they have there, I fetched up in front of a house they call the 'Chapel,' 't was jus' like a church, with a big steeple an' all, when 'long come one ov dem school boys that they calls a 'student,' and I jus' asked him what there was to see 'round th'

place. He was mouty perlite, an' tipped his little blue cap with white letters on it, an' he says to me, says he, 'You jus' tech that little button on the do' an' th' porter will come out an' show you 'round.' And with that he walks off.

"After he'd gone, I looked 'round on de do' an' spied th' button and press it, tho' to save my life I didn't see no sinse in such tom-fool'ry; then I waited a long time an' nobody didn't open the do'. I begin to think that that young fellow was a foolin' ov me, so I jus' 'lowed as how I 'd do like any sensible body should have done at first—knocked; I jus' lit inter that old do' and knocked, I tell you. Even then nobody didn't come out and I was just 'bout to quit and

go home, when bless my soul, a nigger man walks right up behind me with a big bunch ov keys an' 'gins unlockin' th' do'! How in the world he knowed I was there, an' 'zactly what I wanted, 'cause he brought the keys, you know, I never could tell to this day.

"After we'd got in th' church, 'cause 't want nothin' but a church nohow, I didn't see nobody a'tall an' I 'gins to wonder how that student 'spected me to get in there when 't wasn't nobody there to open th' do'.

"Then I looked up, an' Susan, the whole end of that church was just covered with pictures, big men an' little men, I didn't know none of 'em 'cept Gin'l Lee an' his picture was hung away up high,

like he was th' boss. When I looked at them pictures enough, th' man drew back some big curtains that was behind the pulpit an' asked me back there. I was ready to go, so I steps in behind some little iron bars, and Susan Jones, will you believe it, there was Gin'l Lee stretched out on a high table, sound asleep! I knowed him at once an' was just 'bout to step up and pull the covers up on him when th' man with me held me back an' told me it was a statue made out o' rock. I never took such a shock in my born days 'cause 't was just as natural as life.

" The man nex' took me down to where Gin'l Lee was buried. They 've plastered him up in a brick wall on th' top of th' ground; an' his wife, she 's buried 'side him.

" Then I went in Gin'l Lee's office, an' it's jus' 'zactly like he lef' it when he died. I was feelin' pretty tired so I set down in a cheer, to rest myself. You oughter seen that nigger, he most had a fit, 'cause I set down! He yanked me up as if I'd stole somethin'. Well,—I was glad 'nough to get out ov that place.

" When I got out I asked the man if 'twant something else to be seen, an' he says, ' yes,' and led me up to th' College buildin's. Just 'afore I got there a big bell rung an' a whole lot ov boys come a pilin' out, and I asked 'em if 't was recess. They commenced to laugh an' tol' me, all th' time was recess. An' bless my soul, Susan, I found out that them boys don't stay in school a'tall, 'cept when they's got a class! I wouldn't send my John Henry to no such school as that.

"After I got thro' talkin' with th' boys, th' man led me in a house he called ' New-Come ' ! 'T was a mighty big house, made out ov rock and bricks, an' a little passage runnin' down th' middle. He pushed open a green door made of green cloth an' showed me in a big room with a lot more pictures an' things hung on th' wall, an' a lot of boys settin' round little tables a readin' out ov books. I opened my mouth an' was about to say somethin', when a little lady, with a pair of specks on her nose, an' sittin' behind a counter, like's in th' store, rung a little bell and said, ' Sh-sh !' I noticed then 't was mighty quiet in there. Every time a boy would scrape his foot on the flo' or cler his throat, th' little lady 'hind the counter would ring the bell and say ' Sh !'

" Then the man carried me thro' this room into another, on the side ov it. Goodness gracious! I never seen so many books in my life; there was books eve'where, all over th' sides of th' walls an' on the partitions they had built 'cross th' room to hold 'em, an' then they had to build a little porch that hung down from the ceilin' to hold some more. An' the man said them wasn't half they had.

" What they want with so many books I don't see. I 'm sixty years old an' ain't never read a book, an' I gets 'long all right, but there was some fellows in that room a pullin' down books, and a readin' 'em almost in a minute, just like they was bound to read 'em

all 'fore they quit. I didn't want to see no more books so I come out; and the last thing I heard as I shut th' do' was th' little lady tappin' the bell an' sayin', ' Sh!'

" I followed the man upstairs, an' when I got up to th' top I heard a pianny a goin' in the next room. The man opened the do' to this room an' a young man gits up from th' pianny he was playin' and smiled and spoke to me most perlitely. I was about to back out, when the young man said somethin' about not intrudin', so I walks in.

" Th' young man showed me a lot ov pictures an' statues that was in th' room, an' kept a talkin' all th' time. Th' pictures in this room was different from th' others I 'd seen, 'cause they wa'n't all men's heads. Th' young man led me over to a picture ov some half-naked womens, a shootin' bows an' arrows, with lots ov furin' language written underneath. Th' young man 'gins a readin' this out to me just like we talks, an' I asked him what he was a studyin'. He smiled an' said he was a ' Perfessor,' an' teached Latin. Then I turned to him an' said ' Young man you'r too young to be lookin'

at such pictures as them,' an' then I told him that th' pictures was ugly, 'cause th' womens was mighty skinnie, an' what Deacon Williams always said 'bout poverty ov flesh bein' conducive to modesty. Th' young man didn't seem to like it much, so I lef' him; an' me an' th' nigger went on.

" Nex', I went intu th' place they call th' ' mu-zieum,' an' you never seen sich things in your life; there was bones as big 'round as my waist hung all 'round th' room; an' right over th' do' was a' elephant like you see in th' show, 'cept 't want no bigger'n a sheep.

In th' middle of th' room there was a skelekon of bones as big as th' woodhouse, an' it looked jus' like a lizzard. Susan, that thing's jaw bone was as big as that table, an' that 's th' truth! On t'other side of th' room there was th' biggest tarrapin in th' world' I know, 't was as big as a calf, an' 't want nothin' but bones neither. In another room I seen a glass cage chuck full ov birds an' other animals, lookin' just as natural as life, but every one ov 'em was stuffed. An' a horse's leg cut off at th' knee, with all th' bones an' mussels an' flesh just like 't was cut off that mornin', an' come to find out 't was made ov wood.

"An' dat wa'n't all—on th' wall was deer's horns moor'n two yards long an' skelekons of fish, pasted on rocks, as big as my arm, with big fins a stickin' out from every one ov his sides, an' skelekons of a beastes head with great tushes a hangin' out of his jaw, jus' like a big steer's horns turned up-side-down; an' big back bones and ribs ov things as was so big they looked precisely like a corn crib An' as for rocks, an' sticks, an' snakes' skins an' bones, an even to skelekons ov folks, 't want no end to 'em. La! They 'd fool you to death in that place.

" Beens as how 't was dinner time I 'cided to go back to Joe's house an' git my dinner, an' then come back to see a game th' showin' man told me th' boys was goin' to have that ev'nin'.

" Now, Susan, I 've seen many games in my life — from ' Thornie-come-over ' to ' Puss-in-the-corner ' an' I likes most ov 'um, but ov all fool games I ever seen, th' one dem boys played was th' beetinest. 'T want no sense in it—but lem'me tell you 'bout it.

" In th' first place they calls it ' Football '; an' all th' girls an' boys in town, an' all th' students an' College 'fessors goes out to see it. I went long with th' rest ov them, an' took my seat long side ov a College 'fessor, with a kinder bald head in front an' big starin' eyes with spectacles over 'em an' a voice like he had somethin' in his nose, on some little seats they had settin' on th' side of a cliff, like a chimney-swallow's nest. By-and-by I seen all th' folks 'round me strainin' their necks an' talkin', an' I heard th' little 'fessor nex' to me say, ' That's our team '; I looked 'round 'spectin' to see a new horse an' buggy of course, but I didn't see nothin' but a lot ov boys a runnin' to th' field. Then all th' students as was on th'

ground, run all up in a bunch, just like somebody had tuk a faintin' spell, an' 'gins to holler like they'd gone plumb crazy. I couldn't hear nothin' they said but some nonsense 'bout 'washin' Lee,' tho' I didn't see nobody as wanted to take th' job. After that there was a lot ov talkin' an' movin' 'bout an' drivin' 'round in buggies an' some more howlin' by th' boys, and th' game commenced.

"On th' ground was some streaks ov white-wash, shaped just like bed slats on a bed, an' 'bout a dozen boys got on one side ov a line in th' middle an' 'bout a dozen on 't'other. I noticed th' ones closest to me, an' there wa'n't none ov 'em had a clean suit ov clothes on. All ov 'em had a big black gag on their noses an' mouths to keep 'em from talkin' an' ev'ry last one ov 'em was bar' headed, tho' 't was kinder cool. Terrectly somebody blowed a whistle an' a fellow on th' other side kicked a big red ball, as was settin' on th' ground, right up in th' air; one ov th' boys on my side ketched it an' started a runnin' like hants was a'ter him. He didn't run fer 'fore another fellow grab him an' slung him down on th' ground, like he was mad with him. I didn't think that was far, so I turns to th' little 'fessor nex' to me, an' says, 'What they want to ketch him fer?' an' he says, 'To stop him' an' I says, 'But what they want to stop him fer,' but 'bout that time time he jumped up in his seat an' throwed up his arms an' yell jus' lik' he'd got 'ligion. I looks up, but didn't see nothin' to yell at, less 't was to call our boys back, 'cause they'd done gone on tother side ov th' field. Maybe that was it, 'cause pretty soon here come a fellow jus' a'runnin' to us with th' ball in his arms, but somebody throwed him down 'fore he got to us. Then the little 'fessor got mighty solemn an' ev'ry thing got quiet so I could hear an' see.

After they throwed th' last fellow down, they all got in two lines right close up together, like they was whisperin' to one onither, then I heard somebody callin' out some figgers like '9-10-17-102,' an' in a second they all riz up an' bumped into each other an' throwed one another down, an' them as was still up laid down on them as was down, till the whole lot ov 'em was heaped up on th' groun' in one pile. An' Susan, you think they didn't git right up from there an' do the same thing *ec*-zacly over again? I never seen sich foolishness in all my life! Sometimes, when they'd all fall down together, one ov 'em would git skeered an' run away, then all

th' folks would howl like he'd done somethin' smart; though I never heard afore ov praisin' them as was cowards.

"I was near 'bout 'stracted with seein' so much fightin' an' runnin' an' howlin' without knowin' what 't was all 'bout, so I turned to another 'fessor, with big bushy whiskers, an' a voice like a corn sheller, who was sittin' behin' me, an' says, 'What air they tryin' to do,' says I, 'They air trying to make a touch-down,' says he, a smilin' like, 'It peers to me,' says I, 'that they ain't doin' nothin' but touch down; why don't they stand up an' fight far,' says I. 'Bout that time I looks down on the field an' I sees one po' boy stretched out on th' groun' like he was dead, and a nigger boy a runnin' with a pail ov water, while all th' other boys was sittin' on th' groun' as onconsarned as you please. I couldn't stan' this thing no longer, so I hops down an' runs to see if I couldn't do th' boy some good. When I gits 'most to him he rises up from th' groun' with a face all in a knot like a young'un with th' cramp colic I lit inter them boys then an' there, an' give 'em a piece ov my mind. I told 'em they ought to be 'shamed ov the'selves for to treat any human critter like that; I tol' 'em if they wanted to fight, why didn't they go at it right, an' not pitch on one po' little fellow. They didn't pay no 'tention to me but kept right on a fi'tin'. I saw if I didn't want to git runned over I'd better move. So I lef'.

"I never heard ov a fight bein' called a game afore, an' I hope I 'll never hear tell ov another. Why, Susan, its worse than them 'gladegators' Deacon Williams tell us 'bout on a Sunday. But Susan, 't would take me too long to tell you what I seen at that place, all 'bout th' jimnasum', where th' boys stand under little water spouts an' wash therselves, an' th' place they call the 'Lab' where they do the devil's own tricks, making fire run on water an' putin' two glasses together with nothin' in 'em and blood runs out; an' 'bout th' 'Fisic Lab,' where they ketch sunshine an' make rainbows on th' wall with it; an' 'bout th' 'Cival'—but Susan, I know my bread 's burnin'; I can't stay no longer. Good-bye—yes. I 'll come again; good-bye. Give my love to Jemes an' come to see me when you gits a chance,—Goodbye."

R. W. W.

Come live with me, my pretty dove,
I care not what the gossips say,
We two can live and feast on love
October never comes in May.

I have not wherewithal to live
But what need that be our care,
Our hearts each other we can give
What treasure richer or more rare?

So come and we shall live together
No mortal hand us twain divide
We 'll brave life's most tempestuous weather,
Trusting that God will provide.

—James Egbert.

HYPATIA.

THE CHILD: THE ACADEMY.

BY birth she porphygorenitus was;
Imperial Augustan precincts first
Received and nursed her infant form, the year
Of Christ seventeen hundred, forty-nine;
Of which the sesquicentennial's that which now
We celebrate. As He of Bethlehem was
In manger laid, so this royal maid her eyes
First oped to see the light that came to cheer
A cabin built of logs. Nomadic life
She led: from Greenville to Old Providence,

And thence to Pleasant Mount by Fairfield near;
From this to Timber Ridge, she then removed;
Her wanderings ceased not when she found a home
At Lexington, for there three times she changed
Her habitat before she came to rest,
The fourth year of this century.

These good old times were lit with candle dips,
And movements were on feet that knew no shoes
Except as Sunday gear. The Indian wild,
And bear and buffalo and deer free roved
The forests, ignorant of woodman's axe.
Heroic women carried sand in sacks,
Upborne by horse or mule, the church to build.
Our fathers fought and won the war that gave
Us liberty. In all this South of ours
No college was save that at Williamsburg;
And science' lamp burned dim from oil but ill
Refined; while many, young and old, knew not
The letters' force nor how to trace their form.

Amidst this general darkness our fair maid
Resplendent shone, like single star or moon
On blackest night, illuming all that came
To her for light. Full honor let us give
To him who sponsor stood for her that day,
When first her eyes beamed truth around the woods
Of wild Augusta; Scotchman from the North
Of Ireland, Robert Alexander. Nor
Withhold from him that nurtured her to strength
Due meed of praise, the Scotsman, William Graeme.
True knights these were for light and liberty.

This sweet young child, sunbright with truth, whose friends
Fast loyal were to freedom's cause, was blest
To win the eye and heart of that grand man,
Whose sword had won the battle for the free.
Upon her brow with his own hands he placed
A coronet of pearls, and she was called
His child, the bearer of his name; and soon,
Because he gave her leave to be his own,
The Cincinnati, too, brought all they had
And put it in the palm of this young girl,
And doubly dowered her as child and heir
And representative of liberty.

THE MAIDEN: THE COLLEGE.

And now the time had come Hypatia
Should doff the cutty sark of childhood crude;
As she had grown in form and mind to that
Sweet age of budding, blushing womanhood.

Another friend she found to bless her life,
And give her scope yet larger work to do,
As bearer of the light of truth to men.
For she was born an altruist, and lived
Not for herself in any wise, but found
Her high and holy trust in doing good
To men, young men that like herself were born
In old Virginia. This plain unlettered friend,
A patriot of the war that gave our land
Its independence, put within her hands
A princely sum for those old days that knew
No millionaires; a sum which to this day
Still makes the rays of truth invade and drive
Away the fogs that blind the minds of men.
John Robinson he was, in Ireland born.

The fair and young Hypatia gathered round
Her feet a band of noble youth, with minds
Athirst for drink from springs of Attica
And purer founts of Palestine. Impressed
By what she taught, these cultured men went forth
To forum, pulpit, bench and bar, to school
And press, and scattered wide the seeds of truth
O'er all the land. And some she 'd trained
Came back, and other noble minds she called,
To help her in the work of making men.

But trouble came, the dread alarm of war;
Her virgin mother was attacked. Straight forth
She sent the youth that looked to her to teach
Them right and duty. She bade them take the name
Herself had borne in former days, when fires
Of revolution burned, and strike as men
Should strike, who fight for home and hail from Hall
Of Liberty.

They went, they fought, they won—they fell, they lost,
Lost all save truth and honor; fought beneath
His flag that never knew defeat, until
He found a soldier's death upon the field
Of battle; fought in his command, who 's called
By Wolseley first of earth's great captains; boys
From books became bronzed veterans in grey.

And when the flag was furled, she called them back
To her impoverished home, and others too
That fought their country's fight. And lo, they came
In flocks, from Maryland to Texas; came,
Because he too had come to be her chief,
Their peerless general, whom they 'd known and loved
And trusted and adored through four long years
Of war; exchanging sword for pen, and gun
For microscope. Because he 'd come to take
The helm and guide her work. rich friends at once
Brought gold in heaps and laid it at her feet:—
McCormick, Peabody, and Corcoran,
And Scott, and Bayly, Bradford, Houston, Brooks,
And Wilson, Mercer, Newcomb, Ross and Young,
Bierly, Mapleson, Donovan, and Lees—
Grand millionaires in soul as well as purse—
And many more who smaller tributes paid;
All doing homage to the name of *Lee*.

THE MATRON: THE UNIVERSITY.

Hypatia passed her final stage a score
And seven years ago, when by the State
She was endowed with amplest rights
To teach *all* human lore, and certify success
To all whom she might worthy think to bear
Her honored name.

A scholar and a gentleman she called
To take his father's place and engineer
The larger task which now she undertook
In higher work of science and of law.
And when his silver jubilee had come
She said to him "*Emeritus*," and bade
A statesman, famed o'er all the land for worth
Of mind and soul, assume the charge.

Hypatia 's now a matron, proud of sons
She 's borne and sent to do their part in life's
Great struggle for the betterment of man.
Some have gone afield and held the plow,
And wield an influence o'er the men that make
The land, the honest yeomanry. And some
Are good Samaritans, who heal the sick
And lessen human woes. A growing host
Have pledged their lives to see that right is done
'Twixt man and man in issues that involve
Estates and human lives. A goodly band
Our country 's called to serve the nation's weal
As makers of the law, as councillors
Of State, as head men of their commonwealths.
The press, which more than all beside controls
The thoughts and acts of adult minds, has made
The pens of some more mighty than the sword.
While others of her sons yet deeper work
And lay their molding hands on plastic souls
Of youth in school or college hall. Above
All these in holiness of work, some stand
Within the sacred desk, and tell the world
Of God's great love to man ; of whom are those
Who 've borne the news of grace to peoples far
Beyond the seas. And thus Hypatia has
Become the Alma Mater of a host
Of good and useful sons that work for truth
And right, for man and God.

The pathway of her past is checkered sun
And shade : the sun herself has made, the shade
Has come from bodies not her own ; these spots
Of radiance are the souls she 's made to glow
With light and love. Her present poise is that
Of constancy and hope : of constancy
In doing good ; of hope for ampler means
And wider spheres of usefulness, that she
May hold before the minds of millions yet
To come the model lives of WASHINGTON
AND LEE.

—DUNLORA.

SOUTHERN BELLES.

Honor His Father?

Now, I ain't no philosophy poet,
And I ain't stuck up as a wit;
But I knows the wrong when I sees it,
By a light in my conscience God lit.

Now dad, he gi' me a lecture,
And he says: "Now, Dickey, my son,
You 're wild, you 're rash, and a devil;
I wish you had never been born.

"You should honor the father that gave you
The life you are throwing away,
And honor the mother that left you,—
That died on your natal day."

Now I honors the mother that bore me,
For they say she was good and kind,
And sent her last prayer up to heaven,
For the babe she was leavin' behind.

But honor my daddy? Well, hardly!
He ain't no better 'an me.
He showed me the vices I 've followed,—
I 'as born with him on a spree.

An' he talks of the life that he gi' me
As if it was done for my good,
With him o' my welfare athinkin'!
Not so. 'T was just 'cause he could.

I wont took into the bargain;
'T was accident all around.
An' now he 's claimin' the honor
Of carefully bringing me 'round.

But he can't fill me with such stuffin';
I knows the right from the wrong;
I wasn't premeditated;
I just come chancin' along.

And dad's bad example has ruined
The life that he boasts he has gin'.—
I wish as he does, I had never been born;
But he can't goose me with his wind.

—Howell C. Featherston.

New Discoveries Around Lexington.

[From the Fortieth Century Review for May, 3999.]

ARCHÆOLOGICAL research has recently been rewarded with some very rich treasures in the statues, inscriptions, etc., gotten in excavations in and about the old historic city of Lexington in what was once the United States of America. Since the degeneration and downfall of that once great nation toward the close of the thirtieth century, most of the histories have been lost, and the few that remain can be proven to be utterly false and probably spurious. The accepted theory that America was discovered in 1492 has been proven by these last discoveries to be simply ridiculous, for it has been ascertained beyond the shadow of a doubt that General George Washington lived and reigned hundreds of years before that date.

For some years I have had a theory that the famous city of Lexington was buried beneath the lava from the House Mountain in the Alleghany Range, which transverses the western part of the old State of Virginia. This mountain is said to have had an eruption centuries ago, and after extensive excavations in the neighborhood we have at last discovered the city about eight miles to the east. From coins found there the date of the eruption can be placed in or near the year 1899. The discoveries have been many and most interesting, proving as they do many historical events and showing the strange customs of the people at that day. The most important discovery is a statue of George Washington, which, judging from its heroic size and the style of pedestal, must have adorned the top of some lofty building. We have sufficient proof that this building was the celebrated Washington and Lee University. The strange thing about

this statue is the fact that it is covered with no less than four hundred coats of paint, which proves its great antiquity. Noticing the thickness of the paint, I immediately cabled Herr Steven Le Conte-Sissi, the celebrated microscopist of Leipsic, and the greatest living chemist, Dr. Jacques Louis Lavoisier, of Goettingen, who took the next airship and arrived in America in a few hours by the Over Sea Air Line. They ascertained the exact number of coats of paint on the statue. Their task was rather a difficult one, but they were aided by the strange and inexplicable fact that the paint was in layers of red, white, blue, and white in regular succession all the way through. Dr. Rothesay, of Oxford, who is an authority on heraldry, has a theory that red, white, and blue were the colors of the United States, but I do not see how this can be established. The statue is proven to be that of George Washington from the fact that his name is inscribed on the pedestal and that the face could be seen to resemble the traditional portraits of him, after several inches of the paint had been scraped off. This statue bears conclusive evidence that Washington lived at least fifteen hundred years before the accepted date of the discovery of America! Of course it is impossible to place the date of the monument exactly, but we may safely say that it was made not later than 100 B. C. We get this date by calculating that the statue was painted once in every five years, which is even oftener than houses are painted at the present day. M. Guillaume Currelle, of the Ecole de Beaux Artes, writes as follows in the March *Revue de Deux Mondes:* "The general style of this statue, the consummate grace of posture, and the wonderful accuracy of detail, prove without doubt that it was produced in the palmy days of Greek sculpture. Judging from the heroic posture it is probably the work of Pheidias or possibly of Cleomenes, the sculptor of the Venus de Medici." Dr. Oldaric Ammel, the well known Swedish antiquarian demurs from this theory from the fact that it is made of wood, whereas these artists usually worked in marble, but the style of the statue outweighs this theory. I am confirmed in my opinion by the concurrence therein of the great Greek scholar, Professor Buccadi Oga, of the University of Geneva.

Another strange thing proven by these discoveries is the fact that the people of the nineteenth century lived to a great age. On the base of the statue were found many names rudely carved by

students of the University. The vowels do not correspond to those of the present day, but the consonants are exactly the same. Leaving out the vowels some of the names were as follows: Mc-LH-NY (36), F-RR-R (28), V-NC- (32), H-RL-W (24). These names are cited as they were all found inscribed twice. The figures after each represent the number of coats of paint between the two inscriptions. Multiplying thirty-six by five we find the number of years that the first named attended college to be one hundred and eighty. At the present day a man spends about one-fifteenth of his life at college. Multiplying, then, one hundred and eighty by fifteeen we get twenty-seven hundred years to be the age of the above. Dr. Narhak, the archæologist, when I showed him these inscriptions, said that he had seen an inscription similar to the first on a wall in Egypt, which dates back nearly to the Flood, but unfortunately this wall has since been torn down. What prodigies of learning, what storehouses of knowledge must these men have been!

To the rear of the University was found a building, which, from its plan, probably served the purpose of a ball-room, and in which were found many human skeletons, about half male and half female. From this fact it is probable that a ball was going on when the eruption of House Mountain occurred. Jewelry was found on the necks and arms of the female skeletons. On one a locket was found containing the name [this name has been suppressed for certain reasons.—Ed.] and the date 1750, and on another a bracelet was found on which were inscribed some initials followed by the date 1798. This proves the interesting fact that in Lexington at that day women remained in society until they were one hundred and fifty years or more old. What a boon this would be to the damsels of the present day! The disfigured and moldering remains of these unfortunate ladies snatched away by ruthless death in the fresh bloom of one hundred and fifty years or more—what possibilities do they not suggest! In the life of a Lexington woman at that day, what room for romance there must have been! How many impassioned sighs must have been breathed out on the summer breezes! How numerous must have been the moonlight walks! What myriads of arrows must Don Cupid have needs shot before he could bring down his victims! It is indeed food for thought; but romance is not the proper place for an archæologist.

There were numerous other discoveries, but we will have time to mention only one more. On several inscriptions it was found that the women, or rather the girls, were called *calics;* also the charred remains of an old book were found, on the cover of which was engraved the word CALYX. The strange resemblance of these two words is well worthy of remark. Dr. Patsifée, the great philologist of the Academie Française, has been hard at work for some time collecting data bearing on the subject, and he assures me that in the course of a few years he will be able to explain the two words and their derivation.

Before closing let me express my sincere thanks to Sir Davy Humphry, the well known chemist and engineer, for help in making the excavations, and Dr. Echée Blanc, of the University of Paris, for historical information.

RINDERS FLEETRIE.

University of Manila, April 9th, 3999.

Professor Asinus Educatus.

This beast be-longs to the ge-nuss
Of as-i-nus aes-thet-i-cuss.
An an-glo-man-i-ac he is,
And high-est cult-ure it is his.
He claims to be a high cri-tic
And says Long-fel-low makes him sick.
He says E-van-ge-line's N. G.,
But Brown-ing——he will bet on he.
(In po-et-ry, my son, you see
We have the great-est libertee).
His words and smiles are weighed with care,
He nev-er has a laugh to spare.
He al-ways says "*what time*" for *when*
And "*don't you know*" for——*nothing.* Then
I thinks, thinks I: "Well, I don't know;
This real-ly seems quite a poor show;
And all your not-ed ed-u-ca-tion
Has brought you small re-mun-e-ra-tion."
In e-co-nom-ics you will learn
There is di-min-ish-ing re-turn
To la-bor spent with la-vish hand
On nat-u-ral-ly bar-ren land.
And hence I say: be-ware my son
Of ov-er cul-ti-va-ti-on.

—Junius Latinus.

A World

This wouldn't be a world if 't were other than it is,
If it lacked a single wrinkle or had one added "friz,"
If the chimneys didn't smoke and the light bread always "riz."

'Spose the niggers stole no chickens, and the miners had no strikes,
The men chewed no tobacco and the women rode no bikes,
No tariff and free silver such as politicians likes?

Ef the bankers kept the money and no gold bricks floated round,
We 'd have the worst off people that there 'll anywhere be found;—
For the farmers 'd be so wealthy they wouldn't till the ground.

So you may "pen" the gold brick swindlers and mob defunct cashiers,
Enjoin the hungry strikers and surround them with soldiers,
Flog the chicken-stealing nigger till he 's full of tears and fears;—

But it takes all sorts of cases and it takes all sorts of races
And it takes all sorts of acts and facts and figurings and faces
To make a world, so let them 'lone, you spend in vain your graces.

—W. R. Perkins.

The Growler.

Nothing to do but loaf,
  Nothing to eat but bread;
Nothing to drink but wine,
  Nowhere to sleep but in bed.

Nothing to hear but music,
  Nothing to wear but clothes;
Nothing to read but praise,
  Nothing to see but shows.

Nothing to love but girls,
  Nothing to have but friends;
Nothing to spend but money,
  Nothing to gain but ends.

W.

FRATERNITIES
DEATH

Drake.

Virginia Beta Chapter of Phi Kappa Psi.

Established 1855.

IN URBE.

W. A. Anderson, J. H. Moore, W. P. Irwin,
W. T. Poague, F. D. Coe, W. H. Wilson.

IN FACULTATE.

James A. Quarles, D. D., LL. D., Addison Hogue, M. A.,
W. R. Vance, Ph. D., B. L.

IN COLLEGIO.

Lister Witherspoon, Jr., Samuel W. Frierson,
John W. Johnson, Henry L. Martin,
A. Broaddus Winfree, Charles F. Harrison,
E. Randolph Preston, Samuel L. Woolridge, Jr.

KA
DIEU
ET LES
DAMES

Alpha Chapter of Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

LAW.

Barclay, D. M.
Muir, G. W.
Harrison, R. W.
Shipp, A. M.
Hamilton, A. D.
Withers, R. W.
Powell, G. C.

ACADEMIC.

Arnold, D. H. H.
Caffery, St. J. L.
Caffery, C. S.
Crebs, S. L.
Fishburne, G. P.
Moore, E. McD.
Smith, C. T.
Carmichael, H. St. G. T.

365
A
Ω
A
Ω

Beta Chapter of Alpha Tau Omega.

Established 1865.

Fraternity Flower,	White Tea Rose.
Fraternity Colors,	Sky Blue and Old Gold.

IN FACULTATE.

Henry Donald Campbell.

IN URBE.

Major Francis Henry Smith, Virginia *A.*
Samuel Houston Letcher, Virginia *A.*
J. R. A. Hobson, Virginia *J*
Mathew White Paxton, Virginia *B.*
James McClintic Davidson, Virginia *E.*

IN COLLEGIO.

William James Bryan,
Alexander Stuart Gibson,
Harlow Shaw Dixon,
Floyd Wilson King,
Scott Marion Loftin,
Harmon DeLeon Moise,
William Bryant Nowlin,
Thomas Franklin West.

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES

Zeta Chapter of Sigma Chi.

Established 1866.

IN FACULTATE.

Charles Alfred Graves, M. A., LL. D.

IN COLLEGIO.

ACADEMIC.

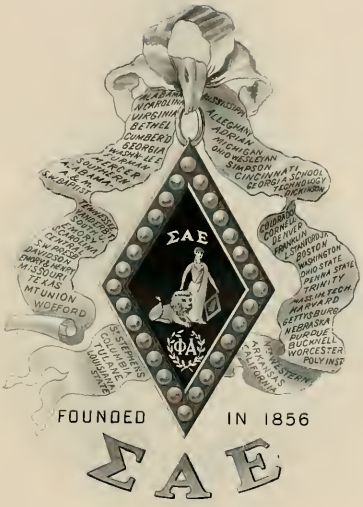
Lindley Allison Hickman, Gabriel Benoist Shields,
John Randolph Tucker, *A O*, '99, John Kirkpatrick Graves,
William Sterling Robertson.

ENGINEERING.

Farrar Petrie Hamilton.

LAW.

James Mullen, *Γ Γ*, '96. John William Jones.


ΣΑΕ
ΦΔΑ
ALLEGHANY
MICHIGAN
OHIO WESLEYAN
SIMPSON
CINCINNATI
GEORGIA TECH
OKLAHOMA
COLORADO
CORNELL
DE PAUW
FRANKLIN
WASHINGTON-JEFF
BOSTON
OHIO STATE
PENN STATE
TRINITY
MASS INST TECH
MARYLAND
GETTYSBURG
NEBRASKA
PURDUE
BUCKNELL
WORCESTER POLY INST
ARKANSAS
CALIFORNIA
WESTERN RESERVE
ST STEPHENS
COLUMBIA
LOUISIANA STATE
TEXAS
MT UNION
WOFFORD
FOUNDED IN 1856
ΣΑΕ

Drake Photo

Virginia Sigma Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Established 1867.

Fraternity Flower, . .	The Violet.
Fraternity Colors, . .	Royal Purple and Old Gold.

Fratres in Facultate.

William Lyne Wilson, LL. D.,
Edwin Whitfield Fay, M. A., Ph. D.

Fratres in Collegio.

Gustav Benz Capito,
Coleman Rogers Robinson,
Fred Walter Goshorn,
James Harmen Hiter,
Le Roy Carr Barret,
John Temple Robinson,
George Walter,
James Edward Arbuckle.
Hugh Wallace Kirkpatrick.

Fratres in Urbe.

Edward Lacy Graham,
William M. McElwee.

ΦΓΔ

Zeta Deuteron Chapter of Phi Gamma Delta.

Established 1868.

Fraternity Flower, . . .	The Heliotrope.
Fraternity Color, . . .	Royal Purple.

Fratres in Facultate.

David Carlisle Humphreys, C. E.
William Spencer Currell, M. A., Ph. D.

Fratres in Collegio.

Ewing Davidson Sloan,	Frank Hamilton Anschutz,
Robert Glasgow, Jr.,	Samuel B. McPheeters,
Richard W. Flournoy, Jr.,	William Allan.

Sigma Nu Fraternity.

Lambda Chapter.

Founded, 1882.

IN COLLEGIO.

ACADEMIC.

Edwin P. Bledsoe, Charles N. Roark,
Thomas A. Bledsoe, Samuel Price,
Samuel P. Preston, William T. Ellis, Jr.

IN URBE.

J. T. L. Preston.

1848
ΦΔΘ

Virginia Zeta Chapter of Phi Delta Theta.

Established 1887.

IN COLLEGIO.

ACADEMIC.

Robert Granville Campbell	Virginia.
Humphrey Robinson Keeble	Texas.
Henry Bell Graybill	West Virginia.
Thomas Dwight Sloan	West Virginia.
J. McLaren McBryde	Virginia.

LAW.

Alan Eppes	Virginia.

IN URBE.

Frank Howard Campbell, John Hunter Pendleton,
Samuel Branch Walker, D. Caldwell McBryde,
Rev. Thornton Whaling, D. D.

Mu Chapter Kappa Sigma.

Established 1888.

IN COLLEGIO.

Paul Vincent Bartlett, David Jackson Morse,
Vernon Terrell Davis.

IN URBE.

Robert L. Owen, C. W. Watts, B. B. Morgan.

ΦΣ
K

Alpha-Alpha Chapter of Phi Kappa Sigma.

Established 1893.

IN URBE.

Frank Moore, Dan E. Brown.

IN COLLEGIO.

ACADEMIC.

Robert O. Crockett, Virginia, Charles S. McNulty, Virginia.

LAW.

John M. Theobald, Kentucky.

ELLIOTT PHILA

Virginia Alpha Chapter of Mu Pi Lambda.

Founded in 1895.

Fraternity Flower, ... The Carnation.

Fraternity Colors, . . Orange and Royal Purple.

ACADEMIC.

Mosby G. Perrow, William P. Ott,
James H. Shively, Robert O. Huff,
J. Preston Allan, David E. Witt,
William J. Lauck.

LAW.

James S. McCluer, J. Cameron McCluer,
Edwin F. Senft.

ENGINEERING.

Hugh W. Neel.

Direka, Phila.
(Copyright)

Phi Chapter of Delta Tau Delta.

Established 1896.

Fraternity Flower,	. .	The Pansy.
Fraternity Colors,	. .	Purple, White and Gold.

IN URBE.

H. Eugene Hyatt,

J. D. M. Armistead.

IN COLLEGIO.

M. Page Andrews,
Herbert B. Chermside,
William D. Cooke,
William E. Davis,
Harry C. Ellett,
Thomas J. Farrar,
Hugh M. McIlhany, Jr.,
Charles C. McNeill,
Robert A. Watson.

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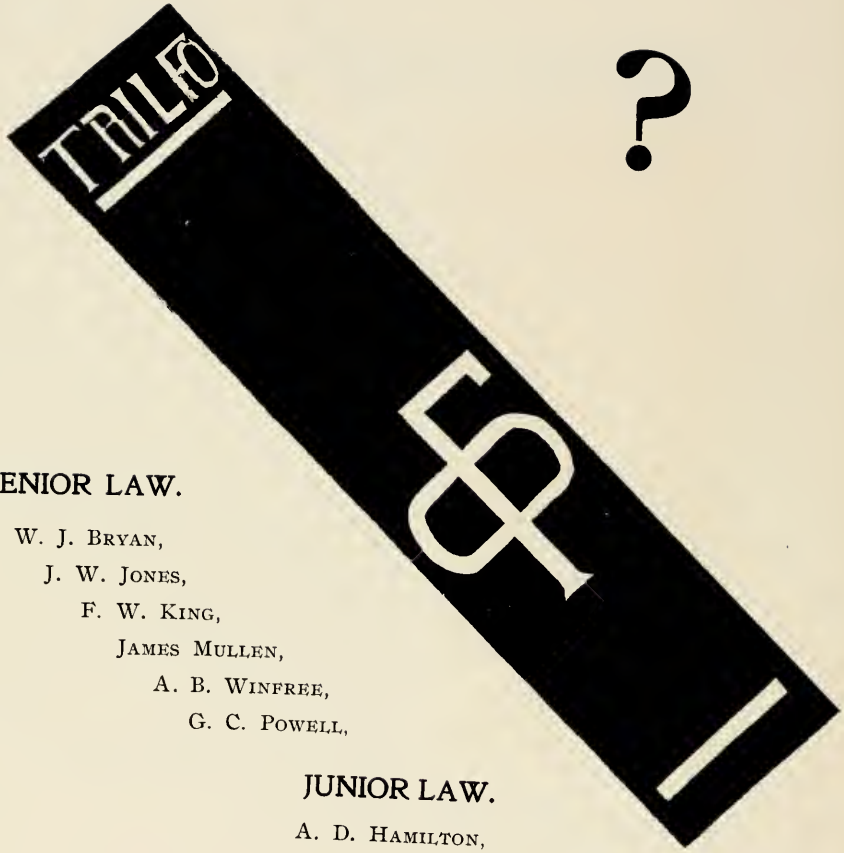
L. A. WRIGHT PHILA
1892

Rho Chapter of Theta Nu Epsilon.

Founded, 1894.

LeRoy Carr Barret,
Robert Granville Campbell,
John Randolph Tucker,
Christopher Tompkins Smith,
John Wanroy Garrow,
Stewart L. Crebs,
Coleman Rodgers Robinson,
John W. Johnson,
Gabriel Benoist Shields,
Arthur M. Shipp,
John William Jones,
Gustav B. Capito,
Hugh Wallace Kirkpatrick,
James Mullen,
Henry L. Martin.



SENIOR LAW.

W. J. Bryan,
J. W. Jones,
F. W. King,
James Mullen,
A. B. Winfree,
G. C. Powell,

JUNIOR LAW.

A. D. Hamilton,
C. T. Harrison,
A. M. Shipp.

Founded 1880.

Stewart L. Crebs,
David M. Barclay,
William S. Robertson,
John K. Graves,
George Walter,
Hugh W. Kirkpatrick,
LeRoy C. Barret,
Edward McD. Moore,
Frederick W. Goshorn,
G. Benoist Shields.

Fraternity Yells

Hi ! Hi ! Hi !
Phi Kappa Psi !
Live Ever ! Die Never !
Phi Kappa Psi !

Hippi ! Hippi ! Hi !
Rip ! Zip ! Zelta !
Fizz ! Boom ! Ah ! Ha !
Phi Gamma Delta !

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Kappa Alpha !
Alpha Chapter !
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Hurray K. A. !
Hurray K. A. !
Kappa Alpha !

Alpha Tau !
O-me-ga !
Beta Chapter !
Virginia !

Wah-rippety zip bang !
Whoop-bang-hi !
Hurrah ! Hurray !
Hurrah, Pi !

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
The Crescent Star !
Vive-la ! Vive-la !
Kappa Sigma !

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Phi ! Keia !
Phi Delta Theta !
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Rah ! Rah ! Ree !
Virginia Sigma !
S. A. E.

Who ! Who ! Who am I ?
I 'm a loyal Sigma Chi !

Hi Rickety ! Hoopty Do !
What 's the matter with Sigma Nu !
Terra-ga-hoo ! Hullaballoo !
Lambda Chapter, Sigma Nu !

Rah ! Rah ! Delta !
Delta Tau Delta !
Rah ! Rah ! Delta Tau !
Delta Tau Delta !

Rah ! Rah ! Lambda !
Sis ! Boom ! Lambda !
Virginia Alpha Chapter !
Mu Pi Lambda !

ATHLETICS

T. J. FARRAR . . . . . MANAGER

McPHEETERS AND MULLEN	Left End
McCLUER	Left Tackle
MOORE	Left Guard
DEACON	Center
ROBINSON AND BARTLETT	Right Guard
McNEILL	Right Tackle
WITHERSPOON	Right End
BRYAN AND DAVIS	Left Half-back
CAMPBELL (Captain)	Full-back
BLEDSOE T.	Right Half-back
SHIPP	Quarter-back

Substitutes.

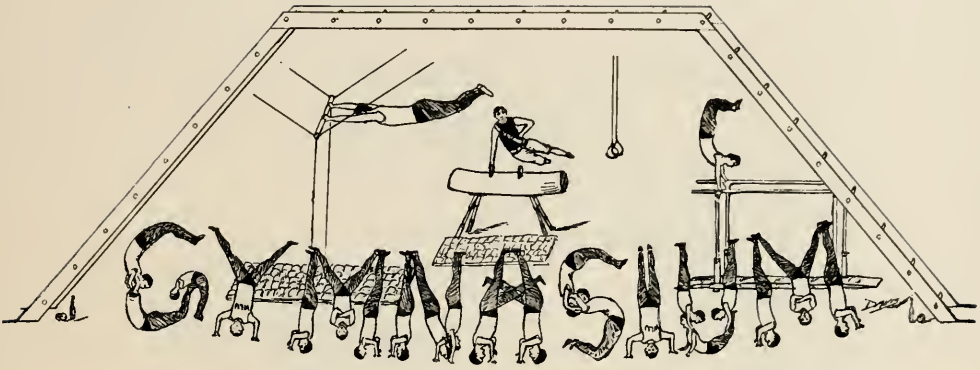
BLEDSOE, E., ROGERS, LEE.

GRAVES FARRAR DAVIS BARTLETT BLEDSOE, E

DEACON McNEILL

MULLEN McCLUER MOORE BRYAN ROGERS BLEDSOE, T

SHIPP CAMPBELL WITHERSPOON



LeRoy C. Barret, ... Director.

Members.

Reginald H. Joyner, Robert Glasgow, Jr.,

John W. Lee, W. D. Cooke,

C. C. McNeill, William Allan,

W. E. Davis.

HUGH W. KIRKPATRICK,
Manager.

F. W. GOSHORN,
Assistant Manager.

M. P. ANDREWS,
Captain.

M. P. Andrews	Pitcher.
Robert Glasgow	First Baseman.
P. W. Wilson	Second Baseman.
W. E. Davis	Third Baseman.
R. G. Campbell	Short Stop.
D. M. Barclay	Left Fielder.
S. W. Frierson	Center Fielder.
E. P. Bledsoe	Right Fielder.
C. C. McNeill	Catcher.
A. M. Shipp	Second Baseman.
J. K. Graves	Catcher.
C. R. Robinson	Pitcher.

Substitutes.

H. H. Skyles, H. C. Ellett, L. Witherspoon, Jr.

The Annual Regatta.

IF there is any athletic function of the year in which every one feels that he, or she, takes actual part, it is the boat-race. There is something in the word itself that makes the blood tingle and that carries with it a volume of suggestion. It carries us back in the years and gives us a close bond of sympathy with those who have rowed their races and have passed out of the college world into their various ways of life. It makes us feel that they are not mere names to us, but are brothers with us in this grand old sport. They have felt the same thrills of joy or disappointment that we do, they have worn the same colors and yelled the same yells. And in rowing each successive race we are not only taking part in the sport of the moment, but are celebrating the birth and perpetuating the existence of one of our grandest institutions, which should never die out.

For us latter-day enthusiasts, who wear the blue or red as naturally as the spring decks itself out in vernal green, it is hard to realize there was ever a time when our colors were arbitrarily chosen. We feel that they must have been instituted by providence, or that "Old George" at least chose the colors of his spring suit, which he changes with the foppish air of a "young blood." But be this as it may the modern maids have no selecting of their colors, but nature kindly provides both blondes and brunettes that the fair may not all grace one side. The freshman chooses haphazard one or the other and forever afterwards blesses fate that it was not his ill luck to choose the other. The small boy wisely changes each time with the winning crew until that ill-starred day when his bosom friend remembers that last year he wore the banner of the now beaten. And so we go, cast by fate to one side or the other, but once fixed, not heaven and earth could move us or take away the frown of defeat or dispel the smile of victory.

The Strokes for Successive Years.

[Note—The star marks the winner.]

ALBERT SIDNEY.		HARRY LEE.
'74 Howard,	*Tie.*	Goldthwaite.
'75 J. B. Leslie,		W. T. Leavall.*
'76 W. J. L'Engle,*		W. T. Leavall.
'77 W. J. Kingsbury,		C. S. L'Engle.*
'78 W. J. Kingsbury,*		W. A. McCorkle.
'79 W. C. Kingsbury,		George Preston.*
'80 W. D. Carter,		Hamilton.*
'81 L. Pearce,*		W. S. Hopkins.
'82 Bugg,*		A. Q. Smith.
'83 Bugg,	*Tie.*	James Hay.
'84	*No Race.*	
'85 ———		R. L. Hunter.*
'86 Reid White,		W. S. Cavitt.*
'87 Reid White,		E. R. Guenther.*
'88 W. L. Bragg,*		Goddard.
'89 J. W. Moore,*		R. H. Allen.
'90 W. L. Bragg,		R. H. Allen.*
'91	*No Race.*	
'92 S. B. Avis,		A. H. Wood.*
'93 S. B. Avis,*		Roy Mitchell.
'94 H. H. Martz,*		Clifford Sperow.
'95 H. H. Martz,*		E. W. Wilson.
'96 A. G. Jenkins,*		E. W. Wilson.
'97 J. Oberlin,		E. W. Wilson.*
'98 J. S. McCluer,*		R. T. Shields.

Victories :—Albert Sidney, 11 ; Harry Lee, 10.

ALBERT SIDNEY CREW.

TAKEN BEFORE THE RACE, JUNE, '98.

HARRY LEE CREW.

TAKEN BEFORE THE RACE, JUNE, '98.

PINCKNEY PRIZE CUP.

PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

CLUBS & ORGANIZATIONS

SAMUEL B. MCPHEETERS, . . . President.
S. W. FRIERSON,. . . . Vice-President.
GUSTAV B. CAPITO, ... Director.
JOHN W. GARROW, . . Business Manager.

First Tenors.

F. H. ANSCHUTZ,
S. B. MCELDOWNEY,
G. P. FISHBURNE.

Second Tenors.

G. B. CAPITO,
ROBERT GLASGOW,
J. T. ROBINSON.

First Basses.

J. H. SHIVELY,
S. W. FRIERSON,
E. D. SLOAN,
E. B. PANCAKE,

Second Basses.

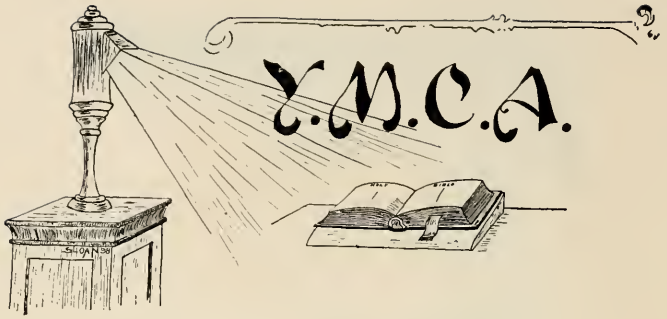
S. B. MCPHEETERS,
H. M. MCILHANY, JR.

Violin Soloist.

G. B. CAPITO,

Pianist.

H. M. MCILHANY, JR.,



Officers.

Thomas J. Farrar,	*President.*
Samuel W. Frierson,	*Recording Secretary.*
Frank H. Anschutz,	*Corresponding Secretary.*
Robert Glasgow, Jr.,	*Treasurer.*

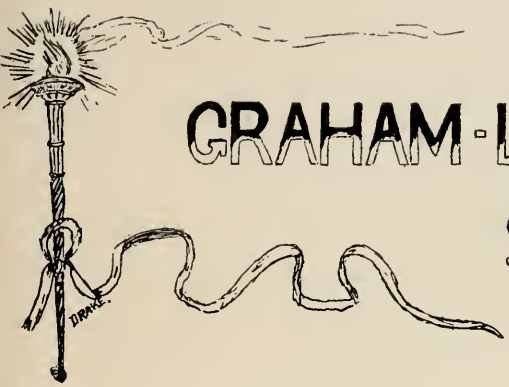
Chairmen of Committees.

S. B. McPheeters,	*Membership.*
Robert Glasgow, Jr.,	*Finance.*
J. A. McClure,	*Missionary.*
H. P. Rhodes,	*Reception.*
H. M. McIlhany, Jr.,	*Bible Study.*

Chaplains.

Rev. Thornton Whaling, D. D.,
Rev. J. T. Wightman, D. D.,
Rev. R. J. McBryde, D. D.,
Rev. T. A. Hall.

Memento Mori
Ecclesiastes 12:2
Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth



GRAHAM-LEE SOCIETY

THE Graham-Lee Literary Society was organized August 19th, 1809, under the name of the Graham Philanthropic Society, and was one of the first three literary societies organized in American colleges. Its founders were John D. Paxton, president; Nel Wilson, vice-president; Joseph S. Brown, secretary; Randolph Ross, William C. Preston, John D. Brown, Gustavus R. Jones, Edward C. Carrington, and John P. Wilson. Out of this number several afterwards became very distinguished in the council halls of the State and nation. Thus was foreshadowed the great work that the Graham-Lee was destined to do.

The records of the society were destroyed by Hunter's troops during the war, but are complete from that date on. Since 1867, the society has been giving a debater's medal. A declaimer's medal was given from 1871 to 1896 when it was changed to an orator's medal.

Graham-Lee Officers, '95-99.

Presidents.

R. W. Withers. E. B. Pancake. W. P. Ott. J. S. McCluer.

Vice-Presidents.

R. A. Watson. J. A. McClure. W. P. Ott.

Secretaries.

E. B. Pancake. J. W. S. Tucker. J. A. McClure.

Treasurer.

F. D. Lakin.

Graham-Lee Medalists.

Debaters.

1867 Givens Brown Strickler. . Virginia
1868 J. Harvey McLeary, . . . Texas
1869 George Boddie Peters, Jr., . Tennessee
1870 William Lambdin Prather, . Texas
1871 James Batop Stubbs, ... Texas
1872 Joseph Willis Taylor, . . Texas
1873 Angus Neal Gordon, . . Kentucky
1874 Henry St. George Tucker, Virginia
1875 Miles Macon Martin, . . Virginia
1876 Benjamin W. Bettis, . South Carolina
1877 Walter Russell Bowie, . . Virginia
1878 Frederick Cockerell, . . . Texas
1879 William Franklin Paxton, . Missouri
1880 Alfred Winston Gaines, . Kentucky
1885 A. P. Taylor, ... Virginia
1886 J. G. Scott, ... Virginia
1887 J. H. Smith, ... Oregon
1888 J. A. Quarles, ... Virginia
1889 J. Q. Chambers, . . Missouri
1890 E. M. Jackson, ... Missouri
1891 W. P. Johnson. . . . . Virginia
1892 H. S. Powell, ... Arkansas
1893 A. E Reames, ... Oregon
1894 J. W. Wool, ... Virginia
1895 H. V. Canter, ... Virginia
1896 C. F. Myers, ... Virginia
1897 D. K. Cameron, ... California
1898 E. R. Preston, ... Virginia
1899 R. W. Withers, . . . Virginia

Declaimers.

1871 Edward Mansfield Kirtland, Tennessee
1872 Frederick Hugh Heiskell, . Tennessee
1873 Robert Reynolds Bentley, . Virginia
1874 Benjamin W. Bettis, . South Carolina
1875 Samuel Jordan Graham, . . Virginia
1876 George Earle Chamberlain, Mississippi
1877 George Anderson Robinson, . Kentucky
1878 Samuel Jack, Jr., . . . Tennessee
1879 Alfred W. Marshall. . . Kentucky
1880 Thomas Barrett, ... Georgia
1892 A. E. Strode, . . . South Carolina
1893 J. Fishburne, ... Virginia
1894 R. A. Baker, ... Florida
1895 C. F. Myers, ... Virginia
1896 L. H. Willis, ... Kentucky

Orators.

1897 J S. McCluer, . . . West Virginia
1898 H. W. Anderson, ... Virginia
1899 William J. Bryan, ... Florida

THE Washington Literary Society was established in the year 1812. Unfortunately, the records of its early history, which might prove interesting, are lost. It was established shortly after the Graham-Lee, and ever since has maintained a good roll of members and run hand-in-hand with the sister society.

In 1867 its members began to hold annual contests among themselves for the best oration, and in 1871 declamations were introduced into the contests. In 1879 the declamations were omitted and only orators took part until 1881, in which year no medals were awarded. So much excitement and dissension was created by the elections that the Faculty, for the interest of the societies, offered medals for the best orator and declaimer, in a contest between the societies at finals.

In 1885 the society revived its individual annual celebration, but holds it now on the twenty-second of February, with less excitement, and awards its own medals then and there.

The Washington Society awarded only a debater's medal until 1890, since which time a medal has also been given to the best declaimer in the annual celebration. Declamations were abolished in 1898 and orations substituted.

Washington Society Officers, '98-99.

Presidents.

CHARLES N. ROARK, MOSBY G. PERROW,
E. DULANEY OTT.

Vice-Presidents.

W. B. WADE, E. D. OTT,
C. S. MCNULTY.

Secretaries.

C. S. MCNULTY, H. B. GRAYBILL.

Treasurers.

W. T. LEFFEL, V. M. BROWN,
M. G. PERROW.

Censors.

T. A. BLEDSOE, R. O. CROCKETT.

Critics.

J. P. ALLAN, C. M. BARNES.

Marshals at Intermediate Celebration, February 22d.

J. K. GRAVES . . . . . Chief.
THOMAS A. BLEDSOE . . . . . Assistant.

Washington Society Medalists.

Orators.

1867 T. T. Eaton, ... Tennessee
1868 J. W. Dunlap, . . . West Virginia
1869 T. S. Wilkinson, . . . Louisiana
1870 Alston Boyd, ... Tennessee
1871 R. H. Fleming, ... Virginia
1872 Isaac W. Stephens, . . Tennessee
1873 Lawrence Rush, ... Virginia
1874 J. R. Winchester, . . . Maryland
1875 H. L. Dufour, ... Louisiana
1876 M. W. Paxton, ... Virginia
1877 R. L. Owens, ... Virginia
1878 L. N. Shanks, ... Virginia
1879 J. R. Tyson, ... Alabama
1880 J. G. Paxton, ... Virginia
1898 G. C. Powell, . . District Columbia
1899 E. D. Ott, ... Virginia

Declaimers.

1871 Ashley Cabell, . . . New York
1872 W. W. Topp, ... Mississippi
1873 J. P. Hawks, ... Mississippi
1874 B. G. Kiger, ... Mississippi
1875 W. E. Dold, ... Virginia
1876 Henton Gordon, ... Missouri
1877 W. T. Crenshaw, . . . Alabama
1878 S. F. Floed, ... Oregon
1891 J. M. Graham, ... Tennessee
1892 J. U. Goode, ... Virginia
1893 R. F. Wendel, ... Tennessee
1894 H. B. Lewis, ... Pennsylvania
1895 E. A. Quarles, ... Virginia
1896 R. S. McClintic, ... Missouri
1897 E. Wohlwender, . . . Kentucky

Debaters.

1891 W. P. Andrews, . . . North Carolina
1892 T. W. Gilmer, ... Virginia
1893 M. K. Yonts, ... Kentucky
1894 J. T. Jackson, . . . Kentucky
1895 C. A. Macatee, ... Virginia
1896 L. H. Carlock . . . . Tennessee
1897 W. S. Cox, ... Virginia
1898 A. W. Webb, ... Maryland
1899 C. S. McNulty, ... Virginia

Winners of University Medals for Oratory and Declamation.

In 1881 the University began to give medals for oratory and declamation to the winners in a contest at finals between representatives of the two societies. The Declaimer's Medal was withdrawn in 1891.

Orators.

1882	H. A. White,	Washington	
1883	S. O. Boyce,	Washington	
1884	W. A. Carter,	Graham-Lee	
1885	W. A. Glasgow,	Washington	
1886	J. G. Scott,	Graham-Lee	
1887	T. G. Hailey,	Washington	
1888	J. L. Bumgardner,	Graham-Lee	
1889	James Quarles,	Graham-Lee	
1890	J. A. Glasgow,	Graham-Lee	
1891	Miles Poindexter,	Washington	
1892	J. B. Andrew,	Graham-Lee	
1893	Charles Lyons,	Graham-Lee	
1894	J. D. McRae,	Washington	
1895	G. R. Hunt,	Washington	
1896	Not awarded.		
1897	C. F. Myers,	Graham-Lee	
1898	W. W. Keyser,	Graham-Lee	

Declaimers.

1882	J. A. Steele,	Graham-Lee	
1883	G. S. Raymond,	Washington	
1884	J. W. W. Bias,	Washington	
1885	J. H. Wise,	Washington	
1886	W. T. Armstrong,	Washington	
1887	B. C. Patterson,	Washington	
1888	S. W. Hamilton,	Washington	
1889	J. M. Blain,	Graham-Lee	
1890	Kirby S. Miller,	Graham-Lee	
1891	I. H. Kempner,	Washington	

Father (the Trustees). My son, did you cut down that cherry tree?
Son (the Faculty). Naw suh, I 've just been prunin' it. It 'll make it grow better.

COTILLION CLUB
Proctor

The University Cotillion Club.

President, ... Stewart L. Crebs.

Secretary and Treasurer, ... J. Wanroy Garrow.

David M. Barclay — LeRoy C. Barret

Gustav B. Capito — Stewart L. Crebs

Harlow S. Dixon

Samuel W. Frierson — James H. Hiter

J. Wanroy Garrow — Fred W. Goshorn

John K. Graves

Alexander D. Hamilton — Floyd W. King

Hugh W. Kirkpatrick — Henry L. Martin

Harmon D. Moise

James Mullen — Coleman R. Robinson

J. Temple Robinson — G. Benoist Shields

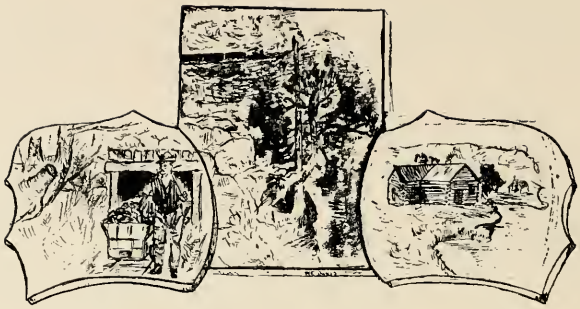
Arthur M. Shipp

Robert W. Withers — Lister Witherspoon

Samuel L. Wooldridge — John W. Lee

G. C. Powell. — J. W. Marshall

William P. Jolliffe



Mountain State Club.

Colors: Pink and Green.

Yell.

Yi! Yi! Yi!
Montani!
West Virginia!
Semper Liberi!

Officers.

B. F. HARLOW, JR., ... President.
J. S. McCLUER, ... Vice-President.
F. L. DOWNEY, ... Secretary and Treasurer.

Members.

M. P. Andrews,	B. F. Harlow, Jr.,	H. W. Neel,
G. B. Capito,	R. H. Joyner,	E. B. Pancake,
H. S. Dixon,	W. J. Lauck,	S. P. Preston,
F. L. Downey,	J. C. McCluer,	S. Price,
J. W. Goshorn,	J. S. McCluer,	T. D. Sloan,
H. B. Graybill,	S. B. McEldowney,	C. T. Smith.

Honorary Members.

H. A. White, M. A., Ph. D., D. D., Wm. L. Wilson, LL. D.,
Milton W. Humphreys, M. A., Ph. D., LL. D.

R. W. Flournoy, Jr., Maryland, . . . L'Empereur.
Hugh Capet Kirkpatrick, Georgia, . . Le Chancelier.
D. J. Moss, Louisiana, . . . Le Ministre des Finances.
Charles S. Caffery, Louisiana, . . . Le Page Royal.
T. J. Farrar, Virginia, ... Le Bourreau en Chef.
J. Wanroy Garrow, Texas, ... L'Echanson.
St. J. L. Caffery, Louisiana, . . Le Chef de Cuisine.
Gabriel Benoist Shields, Louisiana, Le Chef des Gendarmes.
Mosby G. Perrow, Virginia, . . . Prétendant au trône.

Membres Honoraires.

Professor Edwin W. Fay, Ph. D., M. Zola,
Professor W. S. Currell, Ph. D., M. Loubet,
M. Edmond Rostand.

Song.

"Of all pickles that are good,
The best is cabbage to be sure,
But the best way is to eat it
Hid behind the closet door."

Triumvirate.

SAM B. MCELDOWNEY, . Holder of the Jug and High Taster.
Wetzel County, West Virginia.

MOSBY G. PERROW, . . . Light Bearer and Extinguisher.
Hell Bend, Virginia.

JAMES H. SHIVELY, . . . Key Keeper and Head Watcher.
Posey, Indiana.

Goat.

HARLOW S. DIXON, of Ronceverte.

On Probation.

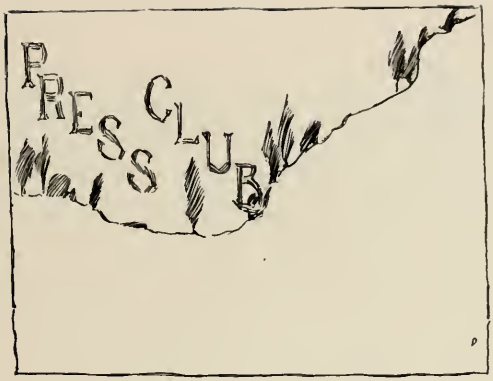
HARRY C. TOBEY, Salina, Kansas.

Blackballed.

P. VINCENT BARTLETT.

Honory Members.

"GOSH," "BUSH," "THEE," "DILL,"
"WINNY," "FELIX,"
"SOL."



THOMAS J. FARRAR, ... *President*
MOSBY G. PERROW, ... *Vice-President*
S. COLVILLE LIND, ... *Secretary*
STEWART L. CREBS, ... *Treasurer*

Members.

S. C. LIND — M. G. PERROW
R. W. WITHERS — E. D. SLOAN
J. S. MCCLUER — E. B. PANCAKE
C. N. ROARK — T. A. BLEDSOE
L. WITHERSPOON, JR. — S. W. FRIERSON
T. J. FARRAR — J. W. GARROW
H. S. DIXON — F. W. KING
J. H. SHIVELY — G. B. CAPITO
E. R. PRESTON — J. A. MCCLURE
W. P. JOLLIFFE — A. B. WINFREE
H. B. CHERMSIDE — S. L. CREBS

Executive Committee.

S. W. FRIERSON — J. H. SHIVELY
J. S. MCCLUER — H. S. DIXON

OUR COUNTRY CLUB.

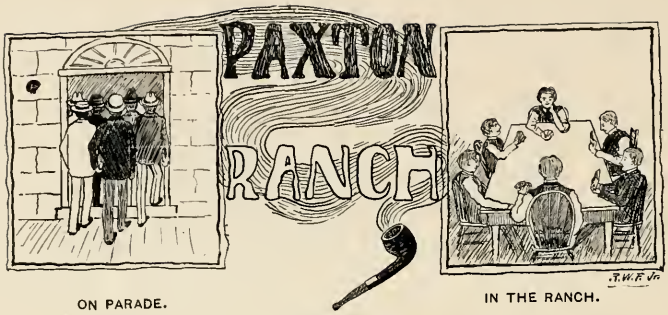
Preston Ranch.

YELL: Osky wow wow
Whisky bow wow
Ole mucky bum
Preston, Preston,
Rum, rum, rum.

RANCH OCCUPATION, "Sleeping." FAVORITE DRINK, "Lickher."
FAVORITE VEGETABLE, "Eggs." PATRON SAINT, "Old Owl."
RANCH SONG, "After the Opera is Over." SALUTATION, "K. M. D."
BATH HOURS, "Wednesday and Saturday, 6 to 12 P. M.
COLORS, "Beer-bottle Green and Scrambled-egg Yellow."
BY-WORD, "Py Domn Mit Yourself, One Time."

Personnel.

"FATHER" HAMILTON, ... Missionary to the Heathen.
"WEE WILLIE" ROBERTSON, ... A Heathen.
"TRUTH" CREBS, ... Another Heathen.
"BEAR" BARRET, ... Count de Bally-Barrio.
"GUSTAV BENZ" CAPITO, ... Hypnotist, Prestidigitator and General Practitioner of the Black Art.
"LIMLEY" HICKMAN, ... A Ribbon Man,—Ask the "Calic."
"CYNICAL PETE" FISHBURNE, . . . A Bachelor, and True to His Dead Love.
"HOOT-SHOOT" YOUNG, ... The Man Wot Kills Blackbirds.
"LOQUAX" YOUNG, . . "Hoot-Shoot's" Elder Brother; "Oh, My Soul."
"MORPHEUS" MARSHALL, . . . Agent for Carter's Little Liver Pills.



ON PARADE. IN THE RANCH.

Yell.

Paxton, Paxton, Rah, Rah, Rah !
Get there, Stay there, Sis Boom Bah !

Song.

All calic look alike to me.

Favorite Occupation.

Studying.

Pass Word.

I 'm shy *one.*

Colors.

White feather, with a yellow streak in it.

Motto.

Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you flunk.

Descriptive Poem (?)

In Lexington, off on a hill,
Live six young men, so quiet and still ;
Now, if *you* will be quiet, and listen well
Their names to you I 'll tell :

Winfree and Preston, of last year's crew,
Captured *young* Price, and Arbuckle too ;
Next, their numbers to swell
They took in Moss and Davis as well.
* * * * * * *

I 've given their names
Enough for *me* to do,
And now fair girls
The rest remains for *you.*
Each of the above, is an excellent man
So capture him girls ; *if you can.*

SUPREME DICTATOR AND ROYAL DISPENSER, ... THE COLONEL.

Dramatis Personæ.

PAUL V. BARTLETT, Kentucky, . Dakota Ray.
WILLIAM J. BRYAN, Florida, . The President.
HARLOW S. DIXON, West Va., Polo P. Dickey.
FLOYD W. KING, Virginia, . Felix Featherstone.
MOSBY G. PERROW, Virginia, . Lord Culpeper.
JAMES H. SHIVELY, Indiana, ... Jimmie Dutch.
HARRY C. TOBEY, Kansas, . . . The Judge.

SCENE.—PRESIDENT'S ROOM. The President, the Judge, Jimmie Dutch, and Lord Culpeper seated at a table playing whist.

LORD CULPEPER: Dole the cards, Judge.

JUDGE: Bet your life I will.

J. DUTCH: Shoot, clubs' trumps.

(Door opens, enter Felix Featherstone.)

FELIX (tragically):

Ah me! I have passed
Some miserable moments; but now
A train came in bearing swift
A copy of the *Mid. Virginian*,
Fraught with sad news.

PRESIDENT: What, old cuss?

FELIX:

Alack, alack, the great Rivanna,
Huge swollen with the winter's swelling
Tide, has burst its banks
And borne off all Fluvanna's solace,
Pride and hope—fruit and lumber.
Barrel staves are now no more,
And 'simmons, sweet persimmons! (Faints.)

(Enter Dakota Ray).

DAKOTA: White Rock Soap, Indian Oil, made of vegetables, fruits, herbs and flowers—What 's this? A man sick? Ah, well, take a little Tyawana, old fellow, just a little Tyawana, and before it is morning you—

JUDGE: Jerry Simpson! If that Jack didn't take!

PRESIDENT: Thunder! You trumped my ace.

JUDGE: Of course; saw in the *Hell Bend Herald*, Culpeper, that a ghost was shot sneaking cabbage pickle.

CULPEPER; Ha'n, Dutch, what 'yer do that for?

J. DUTCH: Who's playing this hand?

PRESIDENT: Don't let him bluff you, Jimmie.

(Knock at the door; ——— enters with cakes for the President).

PRESIDENT (goes to the door and after 2½ hours returns with hands full of cakes): Ah, this is good; reminds me of Kissimme. Dutch, if I leave any you can have some.

(Enter Polo P. Dickey.)

POLO P.: Pay up, boys, ten cents, *Ring-Tum Bum*, just ten cents, want to go calicoing.

JUDGE: Botheration! Lead, Culpeper; get out Polo!

POLO P.: All right, let 's get up a dance.

DAKOTA (Leaping at a bound from Felix, who is now almost extiuct): Just the thing—come ahead.

POLO P.: Hoot, mou!

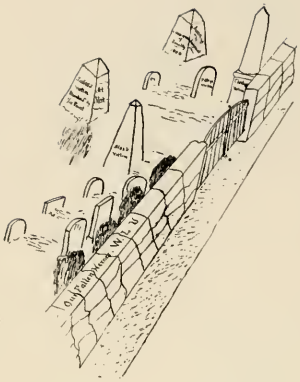
JUDGE: Salina times! twelve o'clock!

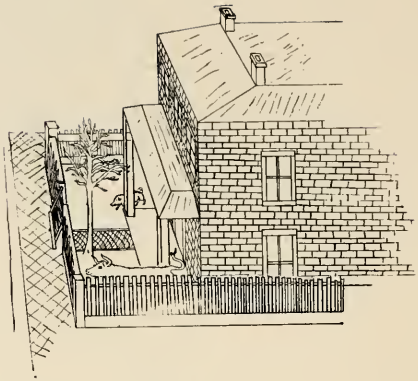
DUTCH: Gee Whiz! Old Svengali's German!

PRESIDENT: Old Harry's Constitution!

CULPEPER: Old Buck Addy's Exercise!

(*Exeunt* hurriedly, Polo P. Dickey, and Dakota Ray groaning because too late to dance.)





Uptown Moore Ranch.

Grand Members.

H. B. Chermside, . . . Grand Household Adviser.
F. L. Miller, ... Royal Culinary Critic.
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George Moore, Grand Chief Cat Catcher for Sausage Department.

Yell.

Ring-Tum-Roar ! Ring-Tum-Roar !
Moore ! Moore ! Moore ! What !
Just anything to eat.

Spiritual Advisers : { E. W. Fay, Ph. D. / Colonel Harry Peyton Rhodes.
Favorite Drink : Egg-Nog.
Sacred Animal : Incandescent Cow.
Occupation : "Hobson's Choice."
Ranch Color : Black.
Favorite Song : "Who broke the Lock on the Chicken-house Door."

Blue Hotel.

Motto.

Sublime tobacco which from East to West
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest.

ARMISTEAD, Uncle John.
BROWN, Narcissus.
COOKE, Little Willie.
HARLOW, Sir Oracle.
LAWSON, President of the Anarchist Club.
NOWLIN, Rough on "Rats."
JOYNER and ROARK, Parlor bric-a-brac.
SULLIVAN, The member from "Chicky go."
BLAIN, What a falling off was there (when he went to the table).
MCNEIL, A man of splendid proportions.
ROGERS, Grown up boy.
WATSON, When found make a note of.
KEEBLE, Byron in embryo.
MCILHANY, Whence is thy learning.
FARRAR, He was a scholar and a ripe and good one.
ANDREWS, The lean and wrinkled Cassius.
LORD, The vacuum.
DAVIS, My love is like a red, red rose.
MCCLURE, Our mutual friend.
ELLETT, "The has been or will be," not yet decided.
MOORE and HARRISON, They may have seen a better Day.
GISH, The hermit.
SMITH, The true prodigal son.
WITHERS, A type of Cyrano de Bergerac.
TUCKER, Our rural district representative.

De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum.

Poague's Ranch.

Yell.

Poague Ranch, ra !
Poague Ranch, ra !
Poague Ranch,
Hot Stuff,
Ra, ra, ra !

COLORS : Yell(er) and (S)cream.

MOTTO : Dum vivimus vivamus.

FAVORITE SONG : "There is a Boarding House, Not far Away."

FAVORITE AMUSEMENT : Laying and lying.

FAVORITE BEVERAGE : Water—of course.

FAVORITE FOOD : Anything.

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Denizens.

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D. J. MOSS, ... Louisiana.
H. D. MOISE, ... South Carolina.
ST. J. L. CAFFREY, ... Louisiana.
C. S. CAFFREY, ... Louisiana.
E. C. SMITH, ... Montana.
V. T. DAVIS, ... Mississippi.
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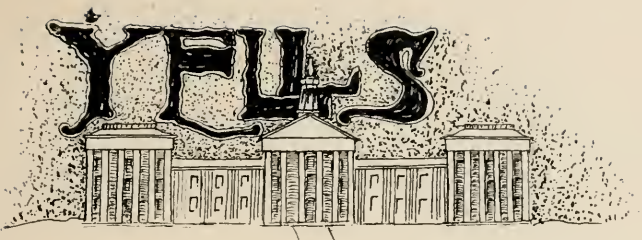


I.

Ring-tum Phi,
Stickeri bum !
We are the stuff
From Lexington !

II.

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
White and Blue
Whoop-la ! Whoop-la !
W. L. U.

III.

Chicky, go runk, go runk, go ree,
Heigh ho ! Heigh ho !
Washington and Lee !
Washington and Lee !
Washington and Lee !
Tiger !

Sis-s-s-s
Boom !
Cuckoo ! !

Boat Yells.

Harry Lee.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Ree!
Ree! Ree!
Harry Lee!

Albert Sidney.

Hoo — ra — ray!
Hoo — ra — ri!
Albert Sidney!
Hi! Hi! Hi!

Songs

TUNE—*There 's Only One Girl.*

I.

There is only one team in the world for me,
Only one team has my sympathy;
They play football in earnest, a pleasure 't is to see;
The team we cheer for is Washington and Lee.

II.

Only one team fills my heart with pride,
No team like that team so steady and so tried;
We bet our money on them, they win so easily,
The team we cheer for is Washington and Lee.

I.

Oh, our team is just a little trifle foxy,
And our rooters just a little stifled with beer,
But we 'll lick, lick, lick, lick old West Virginia
As they 've never been lick, lick, lick, lick, licked for many a year

Chorus:

Sing, Oh! Sing of old Virginia,
And her team so tried and true;
Sing of the girls who wore our colors,
Wore the dear old White and Blue.

II.

And we 'll tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tickle the ladies
As they 've never been tick, tick, tick, tick, tickled before;
And we 'll drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink to the ladies
As they 've never been drunk, drunk, drunk, drunk, drunk to before.

—Cho.

Tune—*Rambling Wreck of Poverty.*

I.

We 'll yell and sing for the team so true,
The team that plays to beat,
The team that wears the white and blue
And never knows defeat.

Chorus:

Oh! now is the time to play, boys,
Now is the time to win,
Now let 's give one good old chicky-go-runk,
And let the fun begin.

II.

We make the teams all jump around,
And play their very best;
We bury them under a grassy mound
And there we let them rest.

—Cho.

Grinds
the
Grounds

Grinds and Grounds.

"I am not in the roll of common men."—Del Caffery.

"Whose little body lodges a mighty mind."—Crebs.

"Wrapt up in measureless content."—John Graves.

"Men of few words are scarce but noble."—Flournoy.

"Tall men have empty heads."—Goshorn and Barclay.

"How green you are and fresh in this old world."—Nichols.

"There 's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."
—Tommy Bledsoe.

"Egregiously an ass."—Ott.

"Fresh budding Δ Σ Σ."—Brown.

"Even the very hairs of thy head are all numbered."
—Dr. Svengali Currell.

"Well, let him go!"—Old Charlie.

"A faultless body and a blameless mind."—Campbell.

"What is done by mother nature
Can't be changed by the legislature."
—Professor Hog[(u)e].

"No nobler thing he has ever done
Than that he is his father's son."
—Professor Harry Tucker.

"Much learning hath made him mad."—Will Graves.

"He sputters and he utters
But he sputters more than utters."—Ox Allan.

"Forward not permanent, sweet not lasting."—Shively.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
—(Samuel I 2) Frierson.

"I loathe that low vice curiosity."—Lexington Ladies.

"Heaven sends us good meats; but the
Devil sends cooks."—Cooke.

"His voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,
An excellent thing in woman."—Barnes.

"He trudged along not knowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought."
—Holmes.

"Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."—Witt.

"He never did any harm."—Waller Blain.

"He will lie with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool."—Pancake.

"There is a pleasure sure,
In being mad, which none but madmen know."
—Dr. Fay.

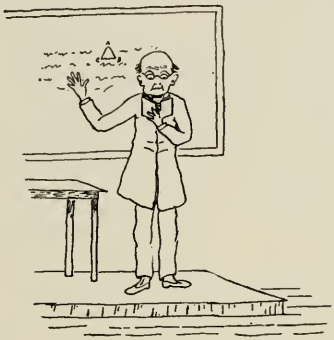
"The wall flower, the wall flower!
How beautiful it blooms."
—Lexington Calic at Commencement.

"Rare is the worthiness of authorship."
—Editors Southern Collegian.

"Drones e'er have stingless tails."—Hobbes.

"He is from Texas, and he would have you know it."—Huff.

" Awkward, embarrassed, without the skill
Of moving gracefully or standing still."—JOLLIFFE.



" He first tried med. but quit abrupt
For law, then went to preaching,
Then politics quite wound him up,
So now he 's got to teaching."

" False, false, as they are beautiful."—LAKIN'S TEETH.

" Nature hath made strange fellows in her time."—MCDOWELL.

" The same old story."—OLD BUCK ADDY'S JOKES.

" And thus he bears without reproach
The grand old name of gentleman."—DR. QUARLES.

" Sissy, Boom, Cuckoo!"—PROFESSOR STEVENS.

" Won by waiting."—MCILHANY'S Ph. D.

" Breezes fan his white cheek to ruby red
Whene'er you speak of love."—CHERMSIDE.

" They are oracles, and when they send
Out invitations to their favored few,
Swells of society will sure respond."—SIGMA RHOS.

" He will be handsome when his face comes into fashion."—GIBSON.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise."—ROYALL.

"The cause we know not, but the effect we plainly see."—McCLUER.

Wanted—To exchange a few puns for some common sense."—KING.

"When shall we three meet again?"—"BUSH," "THEE," and SIGMA RHO.

"God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."
—"STIFFY" MOORE.

"'T is curious, yet it is most true,
A democrat from Kansas."
—JUDGE HARRY C. TOBEY.

"Too young and infantile to be away from mother."—McELDOWNEY.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grows,
That one small head can carry all that nose."
—WITHERS.

"He is the rarest man, sir,
And no such a scholar ere he came,

Has visited these parts."—DR. H. A. WHITE.

"Ye gentle souls who dream of rural ease."—PAXTON RANCH.

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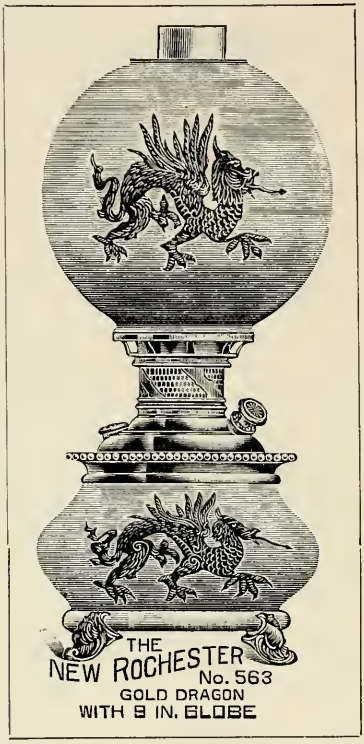

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